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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

At some future time more or less remote, when the allied Powers are in occupation of Peking and inquiry is made as to the responsibility of those who have set China against the Western world, it may be discovered why it is that when all the nations have given themselves over to despair, Chinese officials through whom all news has come should now be casting doubt on their own previous information. On 13 July telegrams were handed by Shêng the Director of Telegraphs to the Consular body at Shanghai from the Governor of Shantung, stating that the Legations had been carried by assault and all the foreigners massacred. The news had reached the Governor by a messenger who had arrived at Chuan fu from Peking on 8th July. The same Shêng, however, sends on the 17th to a Belgian official in Shanghai, and to the Chinese Minister at Washington, the information that on the 9th instant the Legations were holding their own, that the Foreign Ministers were safe, and "the Governor (of Shantung) again taking courage."

Nobody believes anything that has been reported by the Chinese officials. If it is now accepted everywhere that the massacres took place at the end of June, it is the silence of the Embassies, and not the lies of the Chinese officials, that has been convincing. The telegram to Washington appears to be a lie told with an incredibly silly and transparent object. One passage in it is as follows: "If Tien-tsin city should be destroyed it would be difficult to restore the same in a hundred years. Request the Powers to preserve it as the consequence would affect Chinese and foreign commerce." On the 16th when this despatch was concocted in a hurry, the fighting around Tien-tsin, which had been going for the previous three or four days in favour of the Chinese, developed into a victory of the allies who stormed the native town on the 14th and occupied it with Japanese troops. It was while the allies were fearing to be driven from Tien-tsin that Shêng communicated the news of the massacres. It was when the allies recovered that he announced the continued safety of the Legations to Washington. The only thing in this telegram worth notice is dread of the destruction of Tien-tsin. It means that the destruction of Peking is haunting the Chinese imagination.

The success at Tien-tsin is of the very last importance. If the allies had failed to hold their position there the

risings against the foreigners throughout China, which are evidently extending, according to reports which come from Manchuria down to Canton and Hong Kong, would by this time have become vastly more serious even than they are at present; and instead of there being a military base to which the thousands of troops now being hurried up from India, Japan, Russia, Germany, France, Italy and America might be sent for the march against Peking, the military operations would have had to begin de novo. Such a disaster would have rendered futile the efforts of the Southern Viceroy who are resisting or at least not willingly joining the anti-foreign movement. That the disorder is spreading in the Yang-tse Valley is indeed the most serious fact of the situation; and ominous deductions are drawn in Shanghai, Canton, and Hong Kong from the departure of Li Hung-chang, who is going to Peking as Viceroy of Chi-Li his former province, since on his presence in Canton, in the opinion of the foreign residents, the continuance of peace depends. With him he takes 50,000 Black Flags overland to Peking, and his purpose is too likely to be the over-awing of the Southern Viceroy in order to facilitate the objects of the Peking Government.

As things are developing in China it seems as though before long each Power will be menaced in its own particular sphere, and that joint action will be paralysed or enfeebled by the necessity forced upon them of each protecting its interests in that sphere. Danger of a special character seems impending, as just mentioned, over British interests in the Yang-tse Valley and the South. In the North there is the news from St. Petersburg of the bombardment and occupation of Blagovestchensk on 15 July and the destruction of all means of communication in that region. As the "Times" correspondent remarks, this means that Chinese troops have invaded Siberia and opened formal hostilities against Russia in her own territory. Chinese officers have informed the Russian frontier Commissary that the Chinese commander had been ordered not to permit any further navigation on the Amur. In this case however there is a distinction to be made. Long before the disasters arising from the outbreak in Peking, we had heard of the mobilisation of Russian troops and their transference to the borders of Manchuria. It is at Blagovestchensk that these troops arrive. Russia assumed no doubt, as other nations assumed, prior to the anti-foreign outbreaks, that from whatever quarter resistance to her movements came, it would not be from apparently helpless China.

The removal of another large body of troops from India to form the punitive army in China leaves a dangerously large gap in a force whose normal strength is

not in excess of the work it has to perform. The brigades for China it is true are almost entirely composed of native regiments, and their removal from India restores the balance which was disturbed by the transfer of European troops to Africa. It is well to recognise that the army of India is depleted to an extent which might involve serious risks if the foreign service were long protracted. Not only is the frontier weakened but the internal garrisons cannot be removed from large tracts of country without affording opportunities for the party of disorder. The recrudescence of plague in Upper India which must be feared in the coming winter may, unless wiser counsels prevail, be accompanied by outbreaks such as those at Cawnpur which might have to be suppressed by military force. The Indian Staff Corps moreover is the only reserve from which European officers can be drawn for such special duties as famine and plague work. It is now drained to find officers for the China troops. Such military services as India is now rendering in places where her own interests are not directly concerned, should not be forgotten when the grudging suggestions of the Commission on her financial relations with England come to be considered.

Affairs in India generally have not ceased to be extremely critical. The long-delayed monsoon rains have become more established and more extended but are still defective in volume and unequal in distribution: the tracts which want most have often received least. A very disturbing factor is that the numbers on relief works, which should have melted away like dust with the advent of the rains, continue to increase. Even cholera, a most powerful solvent of relief camps, has not affected the totals. This indicates one of two evils. Either the rains at this late period have been insufficient to start field work generally in the villages, or the recipients of State aid find their position so favourable that they are unwilling to abandon it and return to the normal life of constant work and uncertain returns. The perfection of the relief system threatens to call into existence an evil of public demoralisation which would be scarcely less serious than famine itself.

Not many particulars are yet furnished of the relief of Kumasi, but there is hardly room for doubt that Colonel Willcocks' force has arrived there, and has communicated with the outside world of Bekwai in the manner by which it was arranged that success should be signalled. It will be remembered that Colonel Willcocks informed Sir Frederic Hodgson that he would be able to relieve Kumasi on 15 July, the latest date to which the garrison could hold out. Mr. Chamberlain in the House of Commons on Tuesday night referred to this and read a telegram from Cape Coast dated 17 July, stating that on 15 July information had been sent from Bekwai to Fumsu of night signals from Kumasi having been seen, signifying that the relief had been effected; and a Reuter's telegram from Fumsu confirms this. Colonel Willcocks' advance began from Bekwai on the 13th, and he had arranged that information should be given by five star shells fired from the front. These are the night signals mentioned. What may be the results political and military of this success cannot yet be known; neither do we know which to admire most, the body of men who cut their way out of Kumasi, the garrison that remained under Captain Bishop and Mr. Ralph, or the relief force that rescued them from imminent destruction. It would not have been an excess in generosity had Mr. Chamberlain mentioned Captain Bishop and Mr. Ralph in the House, instead of entirely passing them over.

Lord Hopetoun should make an excellent inaugural Governor-General of United Australia. His experience in Victoria will stand him in good stead on the larger field of the Commonwealth. But his appointment has not been hailed with quite the chorus of approval that was to be expected. The jealousies of provincialism which prevented the realisation of Federation during so many years were instantly aroused in New South Wales. The Imperial Government, it was said, ought to have understood that as an ex-Governor of Victoria Lord Hopetoun's sympathies would necessarily be Victorian. If there is one thing which Lord Hopetoun's reputation as a representative of the Queen in a self-governing

colony should do, it is to protect him against insinuations of partiality. Had Lord Jersey been appointed as many thought he might be, New South Wales would have resented on his behalf any suggestion that because he was one of her ex-governors, therefore he would unconsciously discriminate against the other colonies. In agreeing that the Governor-General shall land at Sydney, the Colonial Secretary is wise. Sydney is the oldest city in Australia, and history demands that if it is not to be the capital, its claims in other respects shall be duly recognised. It is to be hoped that Melbourne will not now consider it her turn to complain.

Lord Brassey has lost little time on his return from Australia in laying before Parliament his views—and they are very weighty—concerning the colonies and Imperial defence. During his term as Governor of Victoria he did much to promote Cadet Corps and he was in the colony at the time when the Australian contingents were sent to South Africa. What the colonies have done in conditions of unpreparedness is only an earnest of what they might do if the material at their command were duly organised. As the result of conferences with colonial officers, Lord Brassey has come to the conclusion that 5,000 mounted infantry could be raised and maintained in Australia at a small cost. The Secretary of State for War was inclined to be alarmist as to cost, but in matters of this sort the calculations of Secretaries of State may be discounted. Only this week Lord Roberts has found new occasion to bear tribute to the gallantry and services of the colonials in the field, and an arrangement between the colonial and Imperial Governments, which would not be difficult to negotiate, would be as valuable to the colonies individually as to the Empire. The matter is one which may well engage the immediate attention of the Australian Commonwealth and the Canadian Dominion.

The German Government has scored a success in its diplomatic duel with the United States. After a very protracted discussion the latter have given way practically on all points. The terrible reprisals, which were to follow on the passage of the Meat Inspection Bill, appear to have been warily abandoned and the Americans have made up their minds not to jeopardise their German trade for the sake of resenting what was described as a most insulting measure. The whole matter was a business transaction in which as usual the United States endeavoured by superior "smartness" to obtain everything while yielding nothing in return. Germany had always interpreted the Treaty of 1828 between America and Prussia, and taken over by the Empire, as entitling each country to the most-favoured nation treatment. The United States took the characteristic line that they were so entitled but Germany not, and that in return for special favours granted by France, or Italy or Portugal, as the case might be, they might make with them special bargains which Germany could not claim under the treaty. This old familiar process of argument did not prove so acceptable to the shrewd negotiators of the Fatherland as it has frequently done elsewhere. The result is a sensible business arrangement satisfactory to both sides. This matter and its conclusion should not be without its instructive side for our own statesmen.

It is a well-known saying of Talleyrand that "*La Révolution a désossé la France*." Since then the process of "boning" France has gone on in so many different ways that the wonder is that she continues to be ranked in the order of vertebrates. Within a very recent period all prophecies were gloomy, and in the bitter strifes of parties chaos was expected to come again. Now it would seem as if France had been celebrating her National Festival of the Fourteenth of July almost as much in triumph over the parties who would have created a new revolution, as in remembrance of the old. While all accounts agree that in spectacular effectiveness no Fourteenth of July celebrations were ever more brilliant, there is equal agreement that so far from their having been an occasion for emphasising the hostilities of parties, as might have been expected, they have been the occasion for demonstrating that these hostilities have lost some of their bitterness, or at least that there is not so widespread a

determination to take part in them as was thought. Instead of "Conspuez Loubet" "Vive Loubet" was the popular cry: Dreyfusard and Anti-Dreyfusard showed themselves quite amenable to ordinary police control: and most significant of all it is noticed that "Vive l'Armée" was a cry uttered simply and sincerely and without any arrière pensée against the Government. That is specially remarkable when we remember that only last week in the Chamber there was a notable effort of the Nationalists to exploit for their own purposes the changes made by General André.

It is an open secret in Paris that the Exhibition has not achieved the success predicted for it. Seventy million tickets to be sold at 75 centimes apiece promised a rich return. Shortly after the opening of the Exhibition the price of tickets was reduced to 40 centimes, and though the Exhibition has already run half its course only some 7,000,000 of the 70,000,000 tickets have been sold. Already several of the smaller exhibitors have been obliged to declare themselves bankrupt; important houses, it is said, will be bound to follow their example later on, and all this is attributed to the high prices demanded for sites in the beginning, to the multitude of "side-shows," to the insufficiency of visitors, though the average number of visitors is over 200,000 per day, while on Sunday more than 400,000 people pass through the Exhibition gates. It has been certified, in fact, that it would cost a Parisian five hundred francs to visit all the "side-shows," and that it would require further exorbitant outlay to lunch or dine in any of the reliable and well-equipped restaurants. The people who expected to make fortunes by providing accommodation in the town have also been disappointed. It is true that hotels were thronged in June and that many are reserving rooms for guests far into September, but they have found that they cannot demand the high prices they had counted on and, to their dismay, must now reduce their tariff. The Exhibition, as a matter of fact, is too large, too expensive; and neither the State nor the town will benefit much from it.

Mr. Goschen submitted to the House of Commons on Tuesday night an elaborate, and not altogether unsuccessful, defence of his naval policy on several important points. He again reiterated his complaint against contractors for machinery and armour in respect of delays in delivery of this portion of the equipment, and pointed to the number of ships under construction as a reason for not laying down more until they were nearer completion. Though we have great resources for shipbuilding in the private yards of this country, the experience of the last few years indicates the risk of relying too much upon this auxiliary to State establishments. We are still suffering from past strikes extending over lengthy periods, and it should have been a warning to develop and increase our Royal dockyards, especially in view of a fleet which has grown by leaps and bounds during the last few years. As regards the supply of armour, makers have probably a very good answer to the complaint against them. The plant to produce this article is costly and cannot be prepared in a day, but if the Admiralty would look ahead, give their orders in time and in sufficient quantities, the makers could supply whatever was required promptly enough. This is really the only justification for the Government not manufacturing their own armour-plates.

As to water-tube boilers, and the Belleville type in particular, we have spoken before of the advantages of this steam generator for warships. The conditions of service in the mercantile marine are so different that it is useless to compare its steamers with warships. That we have not a perfect boiler may well be admitted, but if the principle is right improvement in details will follow. Our first breechloading guns had many defects but these were gradually overcome. The principle was right though many maintained at the time that we were wrong in giving up the muzzle-loading system. Mr. Goschen considers, and probably rightly, that many of the difficulties we have experienced with water-tube boilers will disappear when our people know more about them. The French had similar trouble when they began to use these boilers, but it was overcome by

efficiently training the engine-room staff in their use. We must do the same. At the same time we have not realised that this staff must be largely increased in each ship: the present engine-room complements are inadequate to maintain engines and boilers in efficient condition. It is skilled supervision that is chiefly required and the number of engineer officers is insufficient to provide this in a satisfactory manner. The appointment of a Committee to report on the Belleville boiler will doubtless lead to this and many other useful points being elucidated.

Mr. Goschen did not say anything on the question which is vexing the minds of naval officers, whether the sailor shall continue to be trained in a form of seamanship now obsolete—masts and sails—but it seems to have a distinct bearing upon the subject of engine-room complements. In the early days of steam it was viewed only as an auxiliary, engineers and stokers forming but a small proportion of the crew. Now that masts and yards have disappeared we have two large bodies on board, one for working the weapons and the other for the machinery or propelling power. Would not the fighting capacity of the ship be increased if the two bodies were combined, all being trained to machinery and weapons, while the higher grades in each would be filled by those who had shown a proficiency in any particular branch? In some such dual capacity will the seamen of the future be probably found serving.

We do not know that any better description of Lord Lansdowne's answer to the Duke of Bedford's question as to the reorganisation of the War Office and the army can be given than by saying that he dodged it. The Duke wanted to know if there would be an inquiry; a formal inquiry, the results of which could be placed before Parliament, and a new structure built therefrom instead of a patching up of an old one with which everybody is more than dissatisfied. We can only infer from Lord Lansdowne's sneers at public inquiries and Royal Commissions, and at those who appear to him to use the words reorganisation and reconstruction as a kind of charm, that everything meant by these terms will be staved off if possible. Instead of what he calls an "external inquiry" he seems to contemplate picking up a few opinions here and there when the war is over from officers who return, and making or not making use of them just as it may happen to suit the convenience or interests of those who would find both affected, and stand, as Lord Wemyss put it, in some danger of being hanged. He gives no indication in his speech of an intention to proceed in any other way. Lord Spencer showed that he had quite understood the tone of the speech when he said it was imperative that the Government should look facts in the face, and must be responsible for a complete investigation into the conduct of the war. He had sufficient justification for pointing out significantly that if the Government did not deal with it completely Parliament would have to take vigorous action on its own account.

The Commander-in-Chief is right, and many Militia officers know too well he is right, in his severe criticism of the unintelligent manner in which the training of the Militia is conducted. But the deficiencies of Militia officers are not entirely their own fault, and many excuses may be made for them. Their opportunities of learning in the past have been very few, and people cannot be expected to teach others well what they have never themselves been taught. Their deficiencies have recently become more serious because the defences of the country are now mainly in their hands. Much excuse for loose training is to be found in the fact that Militia brigades are frequently too large for proper supervision by the brigadier. At Aldershot some of them consist of as many as eight battalions. The defect could easily be remedied. Several distinguished Colonels are at present at home on leave from Egypt and Uganda who have had valuable experience in commanding brigades, and for the next few months they could be most profitably employed in England as Brigadier-Generals.

Mr. Balfour's statement as to the business of the House was not exciting either in what it preserved or what it destroyed. The Government have proposed little legislation and they have carried less. That is not a censure but almost an encomium, for the usual way with Cabinets is to propose very much and to carry extremely little. This Ministry's present frugality in the proposal of measures has enabled them to claim credit for passing an unusually large proportion of them. The most satisfactory item in Mr. Balfour's statement is the dropping of the Factories and Workshops Bill—an extraordinarily ill-advised measure, which the thoughtlessness of its parents brought into the world inevitably to be massacred. The Bills preserved might all be described as administrative measures; for we should not feel justified in describing the Money-lending and Companies Bills as "preserved." In any case the fate of the session's legislative efforts must have excited little interest this year, for throughout attention has been concentrated on the Foreign Office and the War Office.

The Earl of Portsmouth did unintended and unlooked for good when in the House of Lords on Monday last he asked the Prime Minister to pass a special Bill for the benefit of the Ritualists. It enabled the Archbishop of Canterbury to expose the mischief of these partisan proposals by showing how little disobedience there is amongst the clergy, while what little there is is diminishing. It also enabled Lord Salisbury to point the contrast to the crude violence of Lord Portsmouth and his friends' specifics by showing in his calm philosophic way the evils that must necessarily flow from resort to prosecution. "If you trust to litigation you have a very poor prospect before you. It will lead to a very stormy time. Many evil passions will be aroused; many good works will be stopped and much combined effort for the advancement of the community in morality and religion will be arrested." That is an argument not likely to tell with Protestant extremists; but it will tell with the people of England. We have never concealed our view that it is the plain duty of the clergy to comply with the Archbishops' opinion, but that does not prevent our seeing the crude unfairness and the grotesque absurdity of treating as common criminals men of whom the Archbishop could say that they were "good men, conscientious men, and devoted men, and, although they were mistaken men, yet deserve that kind of handling which ought to be given to men of such high religious character and of such devoted service." One is tempted to say that high religious character and devoted service are worth a mass!

A rise in the Bank Rate had been generally anticipated in the City and in consequence during the early part of the week all markets on the Stock Exchange, with the exception of American Rails, showed conspicuous weakness. As invariably happens in similar circumstances the selling was overdone; thus when it became known on Thursday morning that the directors of the Bank of England had raised the rate from 3 to 4 per cent. a better tendency prevailed. Some attention has been paid to American Rails during the week, more especially to Union, Northern Pacific, Baltimore and Atcheson securities, which have had a marked rise. The fall in English Railway Ordinary Stocks has been phenomenal, Great Western at 146½, London and North-Western at 184½, Brighton A at 138, Dover A at 69 being down since last week 7, 5, 10 and 6 points respectively. Great Eastern in spite of the declaration of a satisfactory dividend also fell from 112½ to 107½. Chinese Stocks continue to pursue their downward career though holders have little option but to sit and suffer, prices being marked down by dealers whenever a seller appears. The feature of the week in this department of the Stock Exchange has been the "corner" in Le Roi II., a newly formed company, the £5 shares of which were yesterday quoted at 16. We cannot refrain from expressing the opinion that it is high time the Committee of the Stock Exchange took some action to prevent such discreditable market manipulations. The National War Loan has changed prices at 2½ discount, but was yesterday quoted at 1½ discount, and Consols closed 97½.

EUROPE AND THE MASSACRE.

EUROPE has been so long expecting the news of the massacre at Peking that the conviction of its certainty did not come as a shock, but rather as a deepening of the gloom. Last week it was possible not to regard hope as finally abandoned, but it was hoping against hope, and few imagined that there could be any other end to the awful suspense of the last three weeks than the hideous deed, which in spite of various rumours to the contrary, rumours which will probably be flying for many weeks yet, we must now regard as done. The stupendous horror of this appalling crime it is needless to insist upon, as it is idle to dilate upon it. It is a time now not for weeping and lamentation, but for action. There is much to be done and there is no time to lose in doing it. The guilty parties in China know very well that they have taken one of those steps which cannot be recalled or modified, and that having done this deed they must either carry through their whole plan or pay for their action with the price of their lives. Therefore they will not for fear of further exasperating foreign Powers stop at any course that may be immediately advantageous to them. They will know that the time for any such considerations, for any such caution, has gone by. They are playing a desperate game, and know that they must win all or nothing. And this simplifies the situation for Europe and Japan, though the simplification is unpleasant indeed. It is impossible to temporise, it is impossible to negotiate. Prince Tuan and the Chinese Government have themselves put that beyond our power. They have in the first place put the Powers on their defence, and in the second place, imposed on them a mission of punishment that not more on moral grounds than on those of material safety, indeed, of existence itself in China, cannot be put by. Did the people of even the least disturbed provinces learn that such an outrage on the foreigners could pass unpunished, they would read it as a signal to them to lose no time in joining in a successful attempt once and for all to rid their country of the whole foreign element; for North Chinamen or South Chinamen, well disposed hitherto or badly disposed to foreign residents, they none of them love foreigners. In the end it will be with all of them alike just a calculation of who is going to win.

The commonness of the danger to the whole Western world is a hopeful factor in the situation. It compels common action, and can hardly but operate against delay. We all know the difficulty of getting rival Powers to make any progress in diplomatic co-operation. But the concert of Europe has been a dilatory power because it was concerned not in defending itself but in protecting an outside party, which every Power cared for only in the sense of preventing it falling into the hands of one of its rivals. Therefore delay hurt no one but the unfortunate protégé, while it saved everyone else a great deal of trouble. The position in China is exactly the reverse. There delay must hurt every Power, even the United States, if domestic politics would allow them to see it. So far it must be admitted that differences seem to have been sunk fairly well, and at this moment it is surely not optimistic to hope that until the immediate work in hand is accomplished, they will be sunk altogether. In the presence of catastrophe the bitterest private enemies forget their hatreds; the silence of the grave will hush the feuds and bickerings of even of expectant relations. The nations of Europe in this supreme crisis, when the honour of civilisation itself is at stake, will surely not fall below the standard of private life. Truly everyone can say to the other in the words of Duke Humphrey that this is "your grief, my grief, the common grief of all." In the requiem service at St. Paul's next Monday for the martyrs of Peking there should not be omitted a prayer for unity amongst the allies.

The immediate necessity is defence, and measures of prevention. There are indications of the movement spreading: Shanghai and Canton are in danger, and Chinese action in the Amur province tends to precipitate the crisis. Provided the Powers throw a strong force into China in time to prevent a general concerted military movement on the part of Tuan's faction, the situation will be saved. It will not require

an overwhelmingly large force, for, in spite of their better armament, the Chinese are not a fighting people. The troops the Powers have met at Tien-tsin are probably the best they can put in the field, and they have been beaten by a mixed force very inferior in numbers. Were it possible for Tuan and his party to go back, this reverse at Tien-tsin would very likely cause the whole movement to collapse or rapidly fizzle out. But as they cannot go back, it may probably stimulate them to the most desperate steps. To meet all contingencies, it is most necessary that the Powers should agree formally on their immediate action, on the forces to be provided by each, and above all, they should provide for the command of the allied forces. The note of M. Delcassé to the Powers seems a tentative step in this direction. An effective plan of campaign is almost impossible until those preliminaries are formally settled. England certainly should provide two or three times as large a force as those we now have in China or on their way thither; and that without withdrawing another soldier, native, or British from India. It is simply not safe to withdraw any more troops from that quarter, a point on which those who know India are all agreed. It is difficult to believe that twenty or thirty thousand men cannot be spared from the two hundred and fifty thousand Lord Roberts has in South Africa opposing some twelve to twenty thousand Boers. In the meantime, if all due preventive measures are taken, there is no need to hurry on the expedition against Peking. While there was possibility of rescue, it was worth while, it was the Powers' duty to run great risks in the hope of being in time. But now that the possibility is gone, it would be wrong to run any risks. Delay is to be regretted, but reverse might be disastrous.

The Chinese attack on Russia, resulting, it is said, in a formal declaration of war between the two countries, complicates the situation by making it more difficult to treat the crisis as local and the anti-foreign movement as other than the action of the Chinese people. It also militates against a common plan of action by the Powers. Russia will naturally look first after herself; and every Power that has a "sphere" of any kind may be inclined to concentrate its energies within its appropriated area. This would be injurious to the complete, and fatal to the rapid, extinction of the anti-foreign movement. Nor would it operate in favour of an harmonious settlement and co-operation amongst the Powers when the present distress is past. It is permissible, perhaps, to hope that the mutual familiarity attaching to constant co-operation in the field for many weeks may lead to good understanding between the allied nations and make friction more easily avoidable. But on this point it is perhaps better at this moment not to speculate. Familiarity sometimes breeds something which is not good-fellowship.

THE GUILTY PARTIES IN CHINA.

EVIDENCE is forthcoming to establish beyond reasonable doubt that the Empress Dowager and the Extremists, at least, among those who have formed her inner Council since the coup d'état, have fostered and carefully prepared the movement that has resulted in the massacre which was declared to the world in a Chinese telegram last Monday. The reports which reach us are confused in detail, but they all tend to fix upon Prince Tuan and Tung Fuh-siang the responsibility of urging on their followers to the final assault on the Legations; and the decapitation of those two men on the scene of their crime will be among the first and most obvious acts of retribution. But the execution of those primarily responsible is not enough. It will be necessary to devise a method of branding upon all concerned a record of their guilt. There is pointed out, we believe, to travellers on the Yang-tse a spot where once stood a town that has been obliterated, as a punishment for some crime which the Chinese rulers of those days held too great for ordinary retribution. It has been suggested that Peking should be similarly effaced, and that a tablet should be erected to record that here once stood the accursed city in which the rites of hospitality due to the stranger from afar were

violated by the murder of men women and children of a status which nations in all ages have regarded as privileged and inviolable.

The diagnosis of crime like the diagnosis of disease is essential to the adoption of proper measures of treatment; and it cannot be too clearly kept in view that the hostilities against foreigners in North China are the outcome of measures long ago conceived and that have been long developing. We are not concerned so much with the edict in which the Empress desired the Viceroy, in November last, to resent forcibly and without reference to the Throne any further acts of aggression. War may be wise or unwise; but it is a recognised resort under given conditions. What we are concerned with is the evidence of preparation for pillage and murder furnished by the encouragement of the Boxer movement, in spite of official remonstrance and the reprehension even of well-disposed Chinese. So long ago as 10 January last, the "North China Herald" published a letter addressed to a Chinese gentleman living at Shanghai, by a member of his family domiciled in the capital of Shantung, to the following effect:—"We are having a general panic caused by the reign of terror now running rampant through the province, arising through the depredations and atrocities of bandits upon the villages and towns where they are murdering and pillaging all who ever had anything to do with foreigners and foreign missionaries. To the question Where is the Governor, and what is he doing that he allows all this to take place under his eyes? the answer is: So great and deep is the hatred of Governor Yü Hsien against everything foreign and against all Chinese who have had anything to do with foreigners that, flinging to the four winds all prudent motives of maintaining peace within his dominion which should be the true duty of every official, our Governor has to the astonishment and terror of all law-abiding people actually given open help and encouragement to the bandits and desperadoes of the province who have joined themselves together under patriotic designations as a cloak to their true aim of pillage and robbery . . . With such countenance and encouragement from the highest official of the province, what subordinate officer would dare to bring these ruffians to punishment, when the penalty is denunciation to the Throne and loss of rank and office? . . . So far, although the foreigners in the mission stations throughout the smaller towns are actually in great fear of attack, none of them have been molested, but this cannot last long; for, knowing that they have the license of the highest official in the province, these bandits are bound in the near future to try their hand against the missionary himself also, if he should be so unlucky as to meet them during one of their expeditions after victims and spoil. Until such a thing happens and the Governor be called to account by Peking, I do not think that much will be done at present to stop them in their licensed mission of pillage and murder; but in the meantime, what will not happen? The whole land will rise when the people see that robbery and rapine will be actually condoned by the Governor, and we shall soon see not bands of hundreds but armies of thousands roaming throughout the province after pillage and spoil."

The prediction was fulfilled, shortly after, by the murder of an English missionary, Mr. Brooks; and Yü Hsien was recalled, in deference to the representations of Her Majesty's Minister. So far, however, from associating his recall with the disgrace attributable to wrongdoing, the Empress received him with favour and appointed him to the Government of Shanse. Is it surprising that we hear, now, of the Boxer movement spreading to Shanse, and of its Governor being among those who decline to join the Viceroy who are in favour of maintaining order and peace? Yü Hsien was succeeded in Shantung by Yuan Shih-kai, of whom it is related that he perceived the danger and reported to the Throne that measures should be taken for its repression. A private reply is alleged, however, to have been sent, to the effect that if trouble arose in consequence of such action, he, the Governor, would have to bear the consequences; and concluding: "Let the good people be dealt with in a merciful and generous

way, to the benefit of all." We need only refer to the Peking letter quoted by the SATURDAY REVIEW a fortnight ago, in which the whole tragedy that has been enacted was predicted in detail, and resume our synopsis of more recent testimony to the complicity of the Reactionary clique. So recently as last May, the Empress promoted to the Governorship of Peking a Censor, Wang Pei-yü, who was an avowed chief of the I-ho-chuan and who set forthwith to work to encourage and develop the movement in Chih-li. It was this that led primarily to the recall of Li Hung-chang. The acting Viceroy of Chih-li having resigned his post avowedly because all his attempts to maintain order and suppress the Boxers were checkmated by Wang Pei-yü, Yung Lu suggested that Li Hung-chang should be called up to fill the vacancy. That he was thwarted at the time by Kang Yi explains the interval between the first report of Li's contemplated journey and its realisation. It was about a week later (10 June) that Sir Claude Macdonald telegraphed to H.M. Consul-General at Shanghai—for public information—details of the outrages that had occurred; adding "The Chinese Government has been affected by these events so far as to send high officials to parley with the Boxers, but does not show any intention summarily to suppress them. Probably it still has power to do so; but the Throne is strongly influenced by sympathy with the movement, and the spirit of the troops is doubtful."

We have narrated these among other incidents related in the last mail papers from Shanghai, because they throw light upon much that had been obscure in the brief telegraphic statements which reached us at the time; and because they clearly establish the guilt of the Empress and her accomplices for the Boxer rising and all that has ensued. It is a Manchu movement originating in the North, and tending to spread: not a national movement of which Manchus have taken the lead. If it were a Chinese movement that had broken out incidentally in Chih-li, we should not have found the great Viceroys bent on maintaining order and willing to resist the pressure brought to bear upon them from Peking. That there is a latent element of dislike to foreigners elsewhere than in the two provinces implicated, is of course true. But the sympathy is not sufficient, evidently—or has at any rate not yet been sufficient—to induce the Viceroys to discard considerations of expediency and plunge the great regions they control into turmoil. It is from this point of view that the duty of Her Majesty's Government to promise them support in all contingencies becomes clear. The defeat of the Government—we presume we must call them—the "Government" forces at Tient-sin will tend, it may be hoped, to discourage insurrection among their sympathisers elsewhere; but it will not be till the flags of the Allies float over the gates and palaces of Peking that the lesson will have been driven finally home. A secretary of one of the Peking boards is said by the "Peking and Tient-sin Times" to have remarked, not long ago, to a high official—"What does China fear, and why does she give way to these foreigners? They are supposed to be rich and powerful because they live in tall houses, drive in carriages, and feed delicately. But if they were really wealthy they would not come to China and beg us to buy their goods; and if they are not wealthy, then their armies are only a myth. When anything happens and a foreigner is killed, what do we see? They only ask for money or a new church. If they were really strong they would attack and punish us. China is richer and stronger than they all, and she should not give way to them." That is the delusion which has to be dispelled.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

LORD ROBERTS' decisive blow has been long delayed, but now at last there are indications that it is about to be struck. Already General Ian Hamilton—than who no better leader of an advanced guard could be found—has started at the head of a newly formed division, and important developments may momentarily be expected. The progress of affairs during the past fortnight has not been altogether satisfactory. More "regrettable" incidents have

occurred, and a party of Boers have broken through General Rundle's cordon. This however was almost to be expected. In such a difficult country, it is well nigh impossible to guard every avenue of approach. Though Lord Roberts has, since the occupation of Pretoria, apparently been inactive, it must be remembered that the difficulties with which he has had to contend have been considerable.

It is the lines of communication which, during the last fortnight, have occasioned most trouble. Hearing that the Boers were trying to work round his right, with the railway as their main objective, Lord Roberts on the 5th attempted to drive them eastwards with the combined forces of Generals Hutton and Mahon. During the next two days, this object was apparently achieved by General Mahon, who in the course of his operations was attacked by 3,000 Boers with guns. Similarly on the 8th General Hutton was also attacked without success. But these failures did not dishearten the enemy. For on the 11th another determined attack was made on Lord Roberts' left at Nikral's Nek—about eighteen miles from Pretoria and near the spot where the road crosses the Crocodile river. This post was held by a squadron of the Scots Greys, five companies of the Lincolnshire Regiment and two horse artillery guns with the object of maintaining intact communication with Rustenburg. The force was under the command of Colonel Roberts. It appears that the latter had neglected the ordinary military precautions, and that the heights on either side of the Nek had been left unoccupied. A disaster was therefore more than probable. The attack was delivered in superior numbers, and a heavy fire from guns in commanding positions was soon brought to bear on the small force in the Nek. The fighting lasted more or less throughout the day, and although reinforcements were dispatched from headquarters on receipt of the news, the garrison was overpowered before the latter could reach the spot. At the same time an attack was made upon our outposts on the north of the town. But this was fortunately not successful, and our losses would have been small had not a party of Boers been mistaken for our men. At Rustenburg—sixty miles west of Pretoria—a Boer force under Commandant Zimmer appeared about the same time before the town, and demanded its surrender. Getting the brief and pertinent reply that Rustenburg was held for Her Majesty's Government who intended to continue holding it, the enemy opened fire and attempted to gain possession of the heights which command the town. This, however—owing to the admirable arrangements which had been made—was frustrated, while finally, owing to the timely assistance of a force under Colonel Holdsworth, the Boers were dispersed. General Baden-Powell reached Rustenburg on the 8th, where he found everything progressing satisfactorily. On the 16th Lord Roberts once more assumed the offensive, and on that day a force under General Ian Hamilton, which consisted of a newly formed brigade under Colonel Cunningham and Colonel Hickman's mounted infantry as well as some guns, advanced to Waterval without opposition, and on the following day to Hammerskraal. At Krugersdorp on the 11th General Smith-Dorrien had a successful engagement with the enemy when he inflicted heavy losses upon them; and on the 17th Lord Methuen left Krugersdorp in order to clear the district between there and Rustenburg. The enemy were again active on the 17th when a determined attack was delivered on the left of the position occupied by General Pole-Carew's division, and along the left flank which was occupied by General Hutton. The flank was held by the Royal Irish Fusiliers and the Canadian Mountain Infantry. Repeated attacks were made on our position, which resulted in heavy loss to the Boers. As regards Sir Redvers Buller's movements little is known. From the Orange Colony we learn that on the 3rd the Boers were successfully engaged by General Paget at Pleisfontein, and driven out of a strong position. Following them up General Paget on the 4th reached Blauwkapje—fifteen miles north-west of Bethlehem; where Mr. Steyn was reported to have been, but on the approach of our forces he left

for Fouriesberg. The combined forces of Generals Paget and Clements entered Bethlehem on the 7th, and on nearing the town they demanded its surrender. This being refused by Christian de Wet, General Paget, by a wide turning movement obtained possession of the strongest part of the Boer position, and on the following day the town fell into his hands. The country in the neighbourhood is broken and difficult. Consequently the action of the cavalry was somewhat ineffective. An attack on two separate positions was simultaneously delivered by Generals Clements and Paget, and the former had the gratification of retaking a British gun which had been captured at Stormberg. On the 8th the advanced guard of General Hunter's division—the one commanded until recently by General Ian Hamilton—reached Bethlehem. An official telegram dated the 17th informed us that 1,500 Boers with five guns had managed to break through the cordon which had been formed by the divisions of Generals Hunter and Rundle between Bethlehem and Ficksburg. They made off in the direction of Lindley, and on the following day were reported to be half way between Bethlehem and Lindley closely followed by General Broadwood's cavalry and General Ridley's mounted infantry. Generally, the position of affairs in General Rundle's neighbourhood has changed but little. But doubtless now that serious operations are recommenced in the North, we may soon hear of stirring events in the South.

THE HALF-YEAR'S FOREIGN TRADE.

GOODS of native produce were exported from this country, according to the Custom House computation, to the value of over 144 millions during the first half of the present year; this represents an increase of nearly eighteen millions, or 14 per cent., upon the value of the exports in the corresponding period of last year. The increase, regarded thus simply, affords good reason for satisfaction; and even when a more detailed examination is made there remains cause for some measure of congratulation. Nevertheless, as one proceeds with an examination of the figures and their significance, the Englishman's self-congratulation at these swelling returns must needs be whittled away to a considerable degree. We have no special love for the part of the candid friend, and in this time of manifold anxieties one would wish rather to minimise the causes for depression; the more so that the experience of the past year must have cured the most easy-going Englishman of his national vice of complacency. Whether it be the Empire's defences or the Empire's trade which is under discussion, the Englishman to-day is mainly concerned and desirous to know the exhaustive truth. First, then, let us regard these trade figures in the light of the monetary wealth of the country—a view of particular importance now that Imperial responsibilities are entailing great increase in the national expenditure. As we have said, the growth in the value of the home exports during the past six months amounts to nearly eighteen millions. But, simultaneously, there has been an increase of nearly nineteen millions in the value of the imports. From the point of view of money in the country earned by foreign trade, therefore, the half-year's over-seas commerce has left us a million to the bad.

A leading fact in connexion with the increase in money value is that the higher figures of our exports are much more the result of higher prices than of a bigger volume of trade. The main factor in the present situation is the enormous increase in the prices of raw materials. Coal is the conspicuous—the clamant—instance. English railway companies during recent weeks have been renewing their contracts at an average advance of full 50 per cent. In some cases the new contract is more than 50 per cent. higher than the old. The price of coal affects the price of every other commodity—from pig-iron to bread—and either, as in the case of the railways, eats woefully into the profits of the industry, or, as in the case of iron goods, is echoed in a correspondingly higher price to the consumer of the manufactured article, though the seller of that article gets no advantage out of the bigger price he is

obliged to ask for it. So we find that more than six and a half millions—over a third, that is—of the total increase in the export values for the half-year is under the head of coal sold abroad. This does not mean an equivalent increase in price: we wish it did in this connexion; for, despite the coal famine in this country, notwithstanding the continued depletion of our coal reserves, notwithstanding the need in particular for conserving for British use the precious steam coal which is the very life-blood of navies, we have sent out of the country during the past six months over a million tons of coal more than in the first half of last year, although in the first half of last year we supplied the foreigner with four and a quarter million tons more than in the corresponding period of 1898. This continuously accelerated depletion of our irreplaceable mineral wealth, and the continuous increase in the proportion of the coal sent abroad, make one of the most serious facts in our national economy to-day. We have pointed to it over and over again in these columns, but so important, so growingly important, is it, that even at the risk of wearisome reiteration, we must again press it upon the public. For some months past, and particularly just now, everyone is seriously concerned with the high price of coal, and asking helplessly if nothing can be done to force a reduction. There is one thing which can be done, and only one. Put a five-shilling duty again upon every ton of coal exported. Up in the North, when railway and gas companies and other consumers object to the unprecedented prices demanded of them by the coal-owners, the reply is, "If you won't have it at this price, we have customers abroad who will be glad to take it." A five-shilling duty added to the price and the freight would heavily discourage the foreign purchaser, and if he were out of the market the coal-owner would no longer have his excuse for raising prices. And if the foreign customer did even then buy the English coal, two welcome results would follow: his cost of production would go up, rendering him less able to compete with English manufactures, and for every ton sold abroad five shillings would go into the national Exchequer in relief of taxation.

But to return to our export trade figures. A calculation of the quantities and values in the coal exports for the half-year and for the first half-year of 1899 shows that the price obtained for the coal sold abroad is fully 50 per cent. greater this year than last; the average price was 10s. 4d. per ton last year, and 15s. 10½d. per ton this year. Of the 6½ millions increase in the coal figures about 5½ millions is due to the increased price. How much of the 11½ millions increase in the export of other articles is to be attributed to the same cause? Clearly, with a 50 per cent. advance in the price of coal, a very great deal. We cannot eliminate a single article. In the case of iron and machinery the proportion must be very great, but in every class of export—not excepting even "living animals"—the higher cost of coal must have had its influence. Nor has coal been the only cause of higher prices. Owing to a phenomenal boom in the iron and steel trades throughout the world, the makers of pig-iron have been reaping a harvest only less abundant than that of the coal-owners. Of course the iron-masters have had to pay a fearfully heavy tribute to the collieries, because the chief factor in the cost of production of pig-iron is the cost of the coal which feeds the furnaces; but even so there is good reason to believe that they have more than recouped themselves for the higher cost of fuel. There has been an insatiable demand for pig-iron, as the dwindling stocks witness. Now the average price of pig-iron has been 35½ per cent. higher this past half-year than in the corresponding period of 1899; and in consequence ship-builders, machinery-makers, hardware manufacturers, all in fact who have to use iron or steel in their work, have had to pay more than a third as much again for raw iron, as well as half as much again for coal. There is however some satisfaction to be found in respect of coal and iron in the fact that though the manufacturers have not reaped the benefit of the higher prices of their wares, the money has been kept in the country; but when we come to the textile manufactures we lack even this satisfaction. During the past half-year the import of raw cotton, for

instance, has decreased from $8\frac{1}{2}$ to $7\frac{1}{2}$ million cwts., but the price paid for raw cotton has increased from 16 to $18\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling. Our manufacturers have therefore had to pay nearly 40 per cent. more for their raw material, as well as 50 per cent. more for their fuel. The value of the export of cotton manufactures meanwhile has only increased by $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions, or by a little under 8 per cent. Upon a wide survey of the items composing our foreign trade during the past half-year it may be said that there is no particular reason either for lamentation or congratulation; but it must also be borne in mind that the period which we have been considering has been "a period of boom" and that many indications are apparent that the boom is more than on the wane. Indeed, in some industries, particularly in the textile trades, it has already been succeeded by depression, and stories come from the iron and steel districts of a lack of forward orders which indicates that in those quarters too the day of the boom is far spent. Meanwhile our foreign competitors have been consolidating and extending their industrial capacities to an extent which will make England less prepared than before to withstand the coming days of depression.

SOME RUSSIAN IMPRESSIONS.

TO me, when I was in Russia, in the summer of 1897, Russia seemed the country of freedom. I was a foreigner, I did not concern myself in questions either of politics or religion; I went at the time of the Medical Congress, and with a friend who was a member of that congress; so that I had certain advantages in my favour. After the stories I had heard of the Russian custom-house, I was in some anxiety for the safety of my manuscripts: my bags were not even opened at the frontier. My friend was carrying a book by Edward Carpenter for Count Tolstoi, a book forbidden by the Russian censor; and the book reached Tolstoi in safety. I have never seen anything so orderly or discreet as the collection, examination, and return of passports at the railway station on the Russian frontier. Wherever I went, in Moscow and in St. Petersburg, I found, so far as I was concerned, a delightful absence of officialism; I could go where I liked, do as I pleased, was not expected at every moment to conform to some unknown regulation, as one is expected in Germany, for instance; the same freedom seemed to exist even among the natives. Peasants would clamber up against the windows of a royal palace, the coachman would turn to the prince whom he was driving, and light his cigarette from the cigarette of his master.

And I think I never saw people so friendly with one another, except perhaps in Spain. And this friendliness, in Russia, goes somewhat further, becomes a more definitely helpful thing, than it does in Spain. No doubt it is partly due to the influence of the climate, to the necessary dependence of people upon each other in their struggle against cold in winter and heat in summer. But it has become an earnest helpfulness, which has stamped itself upon the very faces of the people. And, after all one has heard of Russian brutality, it is interesting to note for oneself the signs of gentleness which are to be found not only in these grave, bearded, patient faces, but in many little, unexpected ways. One hardly thinks of Russia without thinking of the knout. Well, the Russian cabmen drive without whips, using only the end of their reins, and the reins finish in a mere bunch of ribbons.

When the Russian is cruel, he is cruel just as the barbarian always is, because he is indifferent to pain, his own or another's. He does not spare, because he would not complain. And he has the Mohammedan's readiness to sacrifice everything for a cause, which to him is that spiritual and temporal power which is his religion, and which has taken far deeper root in him than any mere sentiment, essentially a modern one, of tolerance or of sympathy with suffering. In the Roumiantsof Museum at Moscow there is the cage in which Emilian Pougatchef was imprisoned; it is a cage only very slightly higher and wider than the height and size of an average man; it has chains for fastening hand and foot together, so that the man can only stand upright, without even moving, inside the iron bars of

his portable prison. But Pougatchef was a religious revolver, and to spare one who had taken up arms against religion would have been to spare a dangerous enemy of God.

The word which I should use to represent the main impression made on me by the average Russian, the soldier, the railway-porter, the labourer, is uprightness; and it seems to me to contrast very favourably with a quality perhaps equally strong which is to be seen in the faces and the bearing of the average German. To the German, discipline and obedience are painful duties; he appreciates them and he acquires them, but he becomes something of an automaton in the process. To the Russian they are the duty which is its own reward, a sort of religion, which it is a delight to fulfil.

The Russian has a genius for self-sacrifice; self-sacrifice has made him a martyr and a conspirator; it has given him strength and weakness. He can resign himself to anything, and resignation can just as easily be heroism or mere apathy. The heroic side of it we all know; the other, at times comic, side, may be seen any day in the streets of Moscow by watching a cabman who has been paid too small a fare. He does not explode into anger, like a cabman in any other part of the world; he does not contest the matter, he does not even remonstrate: he looks at the money in his open hand with a woebegone expression, closes his hand upon it in a gesture of weak despair, and seems to say, "Well, it has happened to me again!"

In Russia everything is large and everything is loud. Moscow is like an immense village, and everything in it is built broad, not high, because there is so much space to cover. The public squares, unpaved and surrounded by a little rim of cobbles, are as big as meadows. The arcades and passages, with their cellars below, their shops above, their glass roofs, are so enormous that they could hold the Passage des Panoramas, and the Burlington Arcade, and the galleries at Milan, without filling more than a corner of them. Colours shriek and flame; the Muscovite eye sees only by emphasis and by contrast; red is completed either by another red or by a bright blue. There are no shades, no reticences, no modulations. The restaurants are filled with the din of vast mechanical organs, with drums and cymbals; a great bell clashes against a chain on all the trams, to clear the road; the music which one hears is a ferocity of brass. The masons who build the houses build in top-boots, red shirts, and pink trousers; the houses are painted red or green or blue; the churches are like the temples of savage idols, tortured into every unnatural shape and coloured every glaring colour. Bare feet, osier-sandals, and legs swathed in rags, pass to and fro among the top-boots of the middle classes, the patent leather boots of the upper classes, like the inner savagery of a race still so near barbarism, made evident in that survival of the foot-gear of primitive races.

But if we would see what is really at the root of the national character, the actual nature of the peasant, it is not even in Moscow that it must be sought, but in such a place as Sergievo, and on such an occasion as the annual pilgrimage to the Troitsa Monastery, on the day of the Assumption. The monastery, bulbous and angular, with its red walls and gold and green domes and spires, is set on the triangular point of a small hill; all about it are bright coloured sheds and shops and booths, and little village houses of painted wood; a village fair was going on, in honour of the pilgrimage, and a stream of men and women in bright clothes wandered up and down all the roads incessantly, and gathered in groups about the tea-shops and the booths of the fair. Inside the monastery walls, in the churches and along all the paths, this immense, quiet, ugly crowd wandered on, or waited patiently at gateways. It was made up for the most part of women, and these women were all old, or looked old, and they were all ugly, and all shapeless, dressed in a patchwork of bright colours, their skirts looped up about their red and wrinkled legs, bare to the knee, or above their osier shoes bound about with cords. They were shapeless and uncouth, with bodies that seemed as if they had never known even the animal joys of life; but there was none of the dirt, disease, and violence of a French or Italian

pilgrimage, of Lourdes or Casalbordino. They were clean and sturdy, and they passed slowly, leaning on their staves, or waiting two and two in long lines, to enter the church and kiss the relics, with a dogged patience, without noise, or talking, or laughter; with a fixed sense of the duty to be done, then of the need of rest, and then of the long journey home. They went in order into the large room by the refectory, took their bread and salt, which they ate in the refectory, and then sat down, like great grown-up school children, at long wooden tables in the open air, where the monks served them with bread and soup. Then they flung themselves down on the ground wherever they happened to find a little free space, and slept heavily. They lay there with their heads on their bundles, themselves like big bundles of rags; some of them lay in the graveyard, upon the graves and the turf, like a dead army, waiting to be buried. And in all this there was no fervour, no excitement, a perfectly contained emotion, a dogged doing of something which they had set out to do. They had come from all parts of Russia, walking all the way, and they had come simply to kiss the relics, and then to go home again, because it was their duty. They were all good-humoured, cheerful, contented; they accepted discomfort as they accepted poverty, labour, their bodies which had never known happiness or beauty. Contentment in them was strength, but it had in it also something lamentable. Here, in this placid and vigorous herd of animals, were women who had never discovered that women could be beautiful, human beings who had never discovered that life could be a desirable thing in itself.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

THE CHARM OF QUOTATION.

MOST of us are probably aware—whether we have commented on the fact or no—of a tendency in ourselves, or in some or many of our friends, to express our own thoughts in what is avowedly the phraseology of others. A classical example of this tendency is to be found in the immortal Sam Weller, especially in his reference, as a witness, to what “the soldier said when they ordered him three hundred lashes.” But it is, we need hardly say, not confined to conversation. We find it with equal frequency in certain kinds of literature. The most remarkable literary example of it is Burton’s “Anatomy of Melancholy,” which from beginning to end is a mosaic of recondite and whimsical quotations set, like tesserae, in the cement of the writer’s own caustic prose. It would, no doubt, have considerably astonished Mr. Weller, had he been told that his own easy conversational method resembled the literary method of one of the most learned of English authors; but such is nevertheless the case. In the cockney repartees of the one, and in the scholarly pages of the other, the magic of quotation plays precisely the same part; and communicates to each a certain peculiar charm.

In what, then, does the charm, which quotation gives, reside? The uses of quotation are, in many cases, of course, obvious. In controversial works it is essential; sometimes in order to support the views of the writer himself; sometimes in order to convey to his readers a precise idea of the views which he is engaged in refuting. It has sometimes in controversy another function also, in which the useful is united with the pleasurable, and which, from the point of view of the controversialist, whether he is writer, or orator, makes argument the most exhilarating and delightful exercise in the world. This occurs on those choice, those supreme occasions when he is able to quote the *ipissima verba* of his antagonist, with the result of making his antagonist contradict his own assertions, and thus placing him absurdly and hopelessly in the wrong. The pleasure thus produced, indeed, is far from being as selfish as it may seem. It is not confined to the victorious controversialist himself; but it is shared—as the experience of the House of Commons shows us—by every member of the party to which he belongs, and not infrequently by many belonging to the party that is opposed to him: so true is the saying of the great Duc de la Rochefoucauld, that there is always something which does not displease us in the misfortunes of our friends. But beyond the pleasures

referred to, and beyond these obvious uses, the habit of quotation has something to recommend it which is yet more generally recognised, though it is not generally understood. When people praise an author as being a master of “apt quotation,” they do not mean that he is a man of such wide and well-digested knowledge that he can always, when occasion requires, fortify his own opinions by citing the authority of other experts in favour of them: nor do they mean that he is constantly providing others with the pleasure of seeing those who disagree with him refuted out of their own mouths. The pleasure of the apt quotation is of quite a different character.

In regard to books. The three explanations of it, which lie nearest to the surface, are as follows. In the first place the apt quotation sometimes gives us a pleasure which is analogous to the pleasure of wit. It exhibits to us the words of some well-known writer adroitly taken from his hands, as though it was a tool or weapon, and applied to some purpose surprisingly different from his own, and yet applied to it with equal, or perhaps even more success. A feat of this kind gives us an agreeable shock by its unexpectedness; it excites our admiration by its skill; and often excites us to laughter by its combination of fitness with incongruity. Another kind of pleasure which an apt quotation gives us, is one derived from the fact that the quoted passage takes up ideas which the writer quoting it has expressed in one way, and in one mood, and exhibits them to us as seen through the medium of another mind—illuminated by other ideas, and perfumed with other associations. An idea, for example, which has just been expressed in prose, is often greatly enriched by being expressed over again in some other writer’s verse, or in the prose of some other writer belonging to a different age. A third kind of pleasure which we derive from apt quotation is as follows—only in this case the quotations must be not apt only, but abundant. It consists not in the sense that the ideas of any given author are amplified and elucidated by means of the words of others; but in the sense that we are being brought into contact with, and surrounded by, many minds whose ideas as to the same subjects are different. For example, the moment we dip into Burton’s “Anatomy of Melancholy,” we feel not so much as if we were reading the work of one writer—namely Burton; but as if Burton were leading us, as Dante led Virgil, into a shadowy world peopled with all the poets and philosophers of the past, who speak to us, indeed, only on the subject as to which our guide interrogates them, but give us their own opinions about them, instead of merely illustrating his.

But let us turn from quotation, as we are most familiar with it in books, to quotation as we are most familiar with it in our friends’ conversation or in our own. Most families have a store of traditional sayings which are entirely cryptic to the profane world at large, but which members of the family constantly employ, in preference to the language which they would naturally use themselves. The family is blessed with recollections of a choleric uncle, by whom any man obnoxious to him was called “a d—d unpleasant fellow;” and his nephews and nieces, when expressing their own antipathies not only to their male, but also their female acquaintances, habitually hide them under this privately historical formula. An ancient Scotch great-grandmother talked about “changing our feet,” when she meant changing our shoes. Her descendants do the same not because it is their natural idiom, but because it is not—because while expressing their meaning it at the same time disguises it. In addition to family sayings, there are others of a semi-public character—sayings uttered by, or attributed to, certain well-known members of society. A lady, once well known in the fashionable world of London, was celebrated for her candour in saying boldly what other people only think. She was accustomed, in the matter of entertaining, only to ask those to dine with her, who had asked her to dine with them, or who might be reasonably expected to do so; and she summed up her principle in the phrase “cutlet for cutlet.” She had also, from long experience, learnt the important truth that a pleasant ball can be given in spacious rooms only; that rooms are also essential

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in which dowagers can rest at ease; and a large enough number of supper-tables to allow of their sitting before a quail for three-quarters of an hour at least, without feeling that they are execrated by others wanting their places. This wisdom the lady in question summed up in the pithy statement, "I never go to a ball in a two-roomed house." Both these sayings have since become proverbial; and are used by people in the happy consciousness that they are quotations, who would never think of uttering them as original observations of their own. There is yet another kind of quotation, which in conversation is more frequent still. This is quotation by persons of a superior class, of phrases current in a class that is greatly, or even slightly inferior. Thus some people after dinner, if they want another glass of sherry, are impelled by some subtle influence to ask for some "sherry wine." Others, if they want to say that a watering-place has become fashionable, will say that it has become "what the newspapers would call aristocratic:" whilst if one lady wishes to insinuate that the dearest of her friends is dowdy, she will say that "she is not exactly what the maids call stylish." Again there is the word "genteel," the serious use of which has long become a vulgarism; but which as a quotation from the vulgar has recovered something of its lost station, and made its appearance again in the language of polite society, with its meaning changed only by carrying with it a flavour of irony.

Now what is the significance of quotation, as employed thus in our daily intercourse? Why do we so constantly seek to clothe our meaning in a garment of expression which admittedly was not made for it? The reason is not, in all cases, the same. Sometimes we express our thoughts in the phraseology of other people, because there is something in them of which, though we desire to express it, we are at the same time half ashamed; as when, for example, we use the phrase "cutlet for cutlet," and declare that we never will go to a ball in a two-roomed house. We know that the sentiment is wise; yet we do not wholly approve of it; and we are consequently anxious to throw the responsibility of it on another person, and to suggest that we are ideally superior to it, though at the same time it guides our actions. In other cases we make use of quotation because we are the victims of a certain kind of shyness, and desire, whilst avowing our opinions, to do so in a form that will enable us to disavow any part of them that will not commend itself to our audience. Quotation, in fact, in conversation, when it is not a species of wit, a species of illustration, or a species of social satire, is a species of diffidence; it is an armour in which diffidence hides itself. Diffidence in itself is a hindrance to agreeable and polite intercourse. The conventional habit of quotation therefore may be welcomed on two grounds—firstly because it vindicates the nobility of human nature by showing that we are ashamed of many of the sentiments that we express; and secondly because it invests many sentiments which we shrink from uttering with a semblance or a reality of wit, which excuses us for having uttered them, and enables our friends to applaud what they otherwise would have been constrained to condemn.

SAINT AMBROSE.

SOME men, says the Abbé Baunard in his "St. Ambroise," are "first men," creators of impulsions. From the great Bishop of Milan "an entire world proceeds." Not one of the world's few supreme thinkers, S. Ambrose enchained the grander intellect of Augustine, and, bringing him to the Font, gave the Church her loftiest uninspired doctor. The "father of Church song" in its severest form, the rigid ecclesiastic, he is no convent-bred seminarist, but a secular magistrate, a cultured patrician, who mixes the classics with his divinity, a good Grecian too and well seen in the science of his time. An ascetic, we know his secret heart and the inner thread of his public policy through his tender letters to a nun, his sister Marcellina, "dearer to me than eyes or life." Passionately humane, almost humanitarian, in his abhorrence of bloodshed, in his zeal as a peacemaker, in his mercy

towards the poor, the fugitive and captive—those treasures of the Church, those treasurers and stewards of his own substance, for whom he melted the consecrated vessels, asking, "If the Blood of Christ redeemed their souls, shall not the vessels which hold that Blood be used to redeem their bodies?"—Ambrose was sternly intolerant towards heresy, the destroyer of his children's souls. Sweet, courteous and lovable, "weeping with them that wept" in the tribunal of penitence, he awed and bowed the spirit of powerful transgressors by his uncompromising presentment of the law of holiness. Yet in the *De Penitentia* he resolutely combats the hard teaching of Novatian about sin. Stranger to us, yet thoroughly of that time, was the blending of an often strained and fanciful mysticism with masculine, practical sense and Latin genius of rule. A bishop among consulars—"Vade, age non ut judex sed ut episcopus," was Probus' counsel when he sent him to take up the government of his presidency—Ambrose, when a child's voice and a tumultuary election had designated him, an unbaptized layman, for the mitre, proved himself a governor-general among bishops. It is amazing that in spite of the immense political and pastoral activities of his comparatively short career, learning, as he said himself, while he taught, he should rank with Augustine, Jerome, and Gregory as one of the Four Latin Fathers and a master of the devotional life. S. Ambrose is the earliest and noblest of the line of western statesmen-prelates, a protector of princes, the column of the Imperial State, the delimitor of frontiers, a churchman to whom the Emperor Valentinian declared that his soldiers, if Ambrose did but lift a finger, would hand him over bound hand and foot, and to whom, as to the leading man in the Empire, the usurper Eugenius formally notified his accession. The day of his death, Stilicho prophesied, would be the destruction of Italy, and friendship with him, as with a man who said to the sun Stand thou still and it standeth, was, in the belief of the Frankish chiefs, the secret of Arbogastes' victories. But he won this ascendancy over the mind of his generation entirely through the weight of a large and unworldly character, and the simple assertion of the awful claims of the spiritual kingdom. If he resisted the Imperial authority, it was in the spirit of a S. Hugh rather than with ban and interdict, enforced by the power of a mighty ecclesiastical domination. The striking incident of the Penance of Theodosius was not a Canossa-like and humiliating abasement, but a real "victory in the inmost citadel of the heart." From the duel between the episcopate and the empire the former emerged the stronger, and Ambrose, says the Duc de Broglie,* in bringing the world's autocrat to the foot of the Cross, "inaugurated the long series of events that culminated when Leo, by the simple power of his word, drove Attila back from Rome." But this came about through no deep-laid statecraft or earthly terrors. "Episcopum, excepto Ambrosio, novi neminem," said Theodosius. Was then the ideal of S. Ambrose that of a free Church in a free State, the State confining itself to temporal matters and the Church using no weapon but impressive influence and persuasion? By no means. In the consecration by the Church of the greatest of all ethical agencies, the object of which, according to Aristotle, is to "make men good," Christianity attained in the fourth century its true development, and Ambrose, from whom the murder of the youthful Gratian had snatched the hope of training up the first thoroughly Catholic prince, saw afterwards in the warrior Theodosius the "envoy whom God commissioned to form the ideal prayed-for Christian empire." And the first duty of a Christian prince was to acknowledge the Trinity and the true Church. In the contest over the Altar of Victory Ambrose denounced any recognition by the State of the dethroned paganism. In his refusal to yield to the Empress-Dowager's threatening—"the holy man smil'd at it as a vain scarecrow," says Cave quaintly—by giving up a church for the use of the aggressive Arian minority, he protested against concurrent endowment of a schism

* "St. Ambrose." Translated by Margaret Maitland. London: Duckworth. 1899. 3s.

which denied divine worship to the Saviour. But he went beyond this negative and defensive position in formulating the demand of the Council of Aquileia for the enforcement of the laws against heretical assemblies, and the banishment of heresiarchs. With S. Martin he recoiled in horror from the execution of the Priscillianists—more modern herein than More or Latimer, who carried out autos-da-fé on heretics, or than Oliver Cromwell, who put to death harmless priests and friars; but, short of bloodshed, a Christian emperor was bound to purge the Church “*ab omni sacrilegorum labe*.” S. Augustine, by the bye, says that all Christians, Catholic and schismatical alike, approved the death penalty enacted against sacrificers to Venus. It is to be observed however that the intolerance of the Fathers is rather a protest against State indifference and the syncretism of the age than any feeling that the faith could not stand by itself unless propped by the arm of the flesh. It was not imperial favouritism for the Church that was asked so much as an official stigma upon what dishonoured God. We must thus interpret the successful remonstrance, condemned by all his modern biographers, addressed by S. Ambrose to the devout Theodosius on his ordering the rebuilding by the culprits of a synagogue wrecked in a kind of Priestley riots at Callinicum. He regarded it much as we might possibly regard a mandamus to rebuild a gaming-hell or murderous baby-farm, demolished by a mob. Certainly, as Milman says, the Old and New Testaments met in S. Ambrose.

An even greater stumbling-block to modern sentiment is the miraculous element in S. Ambrose's life, elaborately discussed in Newman's introduction to *Fleury*. Newman, in his kill or cure method, argues that no line can be drawn between the miracles of the first and those of the second or later centuries, that the promise of the signs that should “follow them that believe” was not limited to one generation, and that the evidence for such supernatural events as those connected with the relics of SS. Gervase and Protasius is inexpugnable. On the other hand Ambrose himself, and Augustine too, regarded these events as more properly belonging to a past age—“*reparata vetusti temporis miracula, quo se per adventum Domini Jesu gratia terris major infuderat*.” Still it must be acknowledged that the appeal made by the Prayer Book in all good faith to Catholic antiquity is too often limited by controversialists to patristic anti-papalism, while the highly sacramental, mystical, authoritative and ascetic teaching of the early ages of Christianity is conveniently ignored. And may not the reflexion be suggested by the extraordinary influence exerted by S. Ambrose upon society, that the Church of our day would perhaps be more loved if she were more feared?

THE GLORY OF JULY.*

THROUGH all the changes of the seasons Nature with unchanging voice, if we would but listen, is calling to us, her forgetful ungrateful children, to come and partake of her plenty. She would have us come to her and feast upon the beauties and delights she spreads over the earth these summer days even up to the very doors of the city, “on a scale of splendid waste. Such noble, broadcast, open-armed waste . . . delicious to behold.” When the first bright days of Spring arrive, we hear the voice calling to us and often sincerely long to follow it. Later, too, in the wonderful season of early June, when energy in all green things and feathered creatures is so abounding, we may hear and be drawn by it. The nightingale's song is our reward and the sight of the hyacinths covering over the dead hazel and oak leaves with sheets of blue, and almost putting out the green of the dog mercury which is in its myriads at that season. But a few days after Easter, a few days at Whitsuntide, are all perhaps we tell ourselves we can afford to give up to the woods and wilds. And we deceive ourselves into thinking that, after the nightingale has ceased and the anemone and hyacinth and kingcup have

gone, the freshness and the glory of the season are over. Never was there a greater delusion. We welcome the pile of new books on country life which lies before us, in that the authors do at least evidently believe in the gospel they strive to spread. You cannot dip into their pages without seeing that they are true lovers of the country, and its wild and human life alike, and can see beauty and feel delight in it at all seasons of the year. The “Pageant of the Summer” is far indeed from its close, when the king of the singing birds has grown silent and the spring flowers have ceased to blow. If we will only listen and follow the voice that we slight when “the world” has hold of us, it will lead us to scene upon scene of radiant beauty. A glorious month is July by day and by night. July flowers in garden and wild—how splendid and yet how homely and familiar these are! The tall delphinium, bolt upright, blazes in two shades of blue in the garden of cottage and of stately hall and park. It is the most prominent of all the flowers of the herbaceous garden at the moment we write. A gorgeous plant this delphinium, and yet rivalled in colour, surpassed in delicate beauty and scent, by some of the flowers that have pushed up and are blossoming now in the dust-sprinkled hedgerow. Perhaps in the thick hedgerow just without the very garden this delphinium dominates, there is the tufted vetch climbing high, and showing a close cluster of bright blossoms, the blueness of which compares by no means ill with the hue of the gay foreigner. In a ditch under the same hedge there is meadow sweet, only less heavily perfumed than the hawthorn in its wedding raiment of a month ago. And then there are bedstraws, the best of them and the sweetest to smell being the yellow, and great cow parsnips and rose-coloured pyramidal orchids springing from the turf—and best of all perhaps the clematis or traveller's joy: until the clematis comes there is always something wanting in the English hedges: it comes late and stays long. July, too, is the month of the fox-glove, a flower which seems to know its own beauty and to desire to show it. The fox-glove grows in thickets and forest among the bracken, though even there it will not suffer itself to be obscured. You will see it rearing its dappled bells, as the poet called them, high up over the surrounding undergrowth. But it will grow on the open turf by the road. On many a Surrey lane and by-road, and even by the highway, you may see this flower, which is as one that affects the public gaze.

Up on the downs and high places, especially where there is a little shade from the beech trees, one may lie for hours and yet not have enough of it. The greenfinches, their activities far from stilled by the heat of summer, twitter low glad songs, and the sound, too, of their whistling call-note is incessant through the month. In the hedges below some of the greenfinches are still warming their eggs, as are the flycatchers and turtle doves. It is bare under the beeches, and the seeds must lie decades, centuries perhaps, in the earth before they can spring up and flourish through the overthrow of the great trees which have denied them the warmth and light of the sun. There only such shade-loving plants as the helleborines and the uncouth *monotropa* and the fawn-coloured bird's-nest orchid will grow. But on the open down, wind and sun caressed, there is flower wealth for all who will listen to the voice that calls us to come and rejoice exceedingly. Bird's-foot trefoil, yellow dashed with blood-red; shining yellow cistus, the rose, and the true rose too, of the grassy bank and the mound; frail harebell, and frailer mill-mountain with tiny bell-shaped blossoms, the whole so

“Exquisitely minute,
A miracle of design!”

Yet perhaps it is the wild thyme, some pink, some verging on red, which is best of all, gratifying two senses where the scentless flowers of the down gratify but one. Intensely aromatic is this wild thyme, with a fragrance of an entirely distinct order from that of hawthorn, or meadow-sweet, or the syringa which was still white as driven snow but yesterday in some of the backward gardens. We know indeed that the scents of these flowers are very far from objectless: still there is a temptation to contrast them with the thymes and

* “Nature in Downland.” By W. H. Hudson. London: Longmans. 1900. 10s. 6d. net.

“In Birdland.” By O. G. Pike. London: Unwin. 1900. 6s.

“Village Notes.” By Pamela Tennant. London: Heinemann. 1900. 6s.

sages and mints as one contrasts the merely sweet perfumes with which the little lace-bordered pocket handkerchief of the lady of fashion is sprinkled, with the useful and wholesome fragrance of eau de Cologne. We feel somehow that it must be wholesome to sniff at the thyme, and even when we press our faces to the turf, where it grows so plentifully, we can scarcely satisfy ourselves. One scarce variety—the learned call it *Thymus citriodorus*—of the creeping wild thyme has an odour of lemons. It was a pleasant old tradition that even the mutton of sheep fed much in wild thyme pastures had a distinctly agreeable flavour—though whilst revelling in this herb's aroma we would be vegetarian and forget for a while our carnivorous appetites.

By night, as well as day, Nature's slighted voice calls us to dale and down. A July night among the woods, or even on the dusty highway, or down by the gleaming water, is too good for sleep when a large cold moon shines benignly from an unclouded heaven. In the oak and fir woods the night-jar for a month or so after the middle of June takes the place of the nightingale. His crooning is a feature of the great night scene in the woods one will miss in August, when the silence which precedes decay seems always to be deepening. The night-jars will croon and hawk the night through, whether it be dark or light. You may open your window, or far better go out of doors, and hear their song, which rises and falls so rhythmically, at midnight, and again in the dusk of the dawn. It is not only when the moon is up that we should be abroad on a summer night. By starlight it is well sometimes to have no roof save the sky above our heads. A starlit summer night spent with Nature is a sure dispeller of the day's unquiet thought. Those are great moments in the short parts of our lives we devote to the things we ought, when we stand and watch the stars going out and the East lightening. Imperceptibly at first, anon gathering power with surprising swiftness, comes the dawn of the July day. The first glimmer arouses the lark, which rushes up into his beloved element with a pæan of joy brimming over; and the heart of the wise man, who is abroad, is uplifted with the bird's. There is beauty as great as the beauty of the morning, but there is no joy in day or night which in freshness and vigour can be likened to it. During those minutes when lark is following lark into the faint blue, and the rising sun is putting out the light of the last stars that linger, all Nature animate and inanimate, is as fresh as though it were the morn of the very Day of Creation. We greet the rising sun and the young day with the exceeding great joy with which the wise men of the East saw and followed the star that told of the birth of the Son of Man.

DEMOS' MIRROR.

THE tardy sun will have no difficulty in scorching the life out of such plays as have survived in London the excitement of the war in South Africa. The pallid, exhausted managers are all summoning up strength for one final effort—to close their doors, through which no one passes. Yet, night after torrid night, the Music Halls are packed with uproarious humanity. There is not—there never is—any need for the manager of any Music Hall to close his doors, except during the interval spent by him in the enlargement of his premises. The public, now as ever, tilts over his treasury an inexhaustible cornucopia. His not to offer a wistful lure, but merely to prevent the place from being overcrowded. And the cause of this queer difference? You need not seek far for it. The entertainments in Music Halls have grown, feature for feature, from the public's taste. They are things which the public itself has created for its own pleasure; they know no laws of being but those which the public gives them. Drama, on the other hand, is an art, and bound by an art's traditional laws. It may try to attract the public, to obey the public's laws rather than its own, to be an entertainment rather than an art. (The modern commercial necessity for it to do so or he is the reason why it is so tragically inferior to the other arts.) But it never can succeed completely in its effort. Try as they may to debase themselves, dramatists never can quite put away the last vestige of their self-respect.

They are working in an art-form, and they would not, even if they could, forget *all* that is due to it. A still small voice is always urging them to save, for art's sake, *something* from the havoc to which, for sake of cash, their material is destined. No play ever belongs wholly to the public. And the public, unconsciously knowing this, leaves drama to fall more or less violently between the two stools on which the dramatists enthrone it, and flocks to the Halls. There the poets and the mimes have no secondary allegiance. Every "turn" there has but one aim: to please the public in the quickest and most obvious way. If (as not often happens) a "turn" fail to do this, out it goes, an awful example. There is no nonsense about the Halls, no pretence. The mirror is held up, and in it the face of Demos is reflected, whole and unblurred. Thus, for those who, like myself, have the misfortune to hate humbug, a Hall is preferable to a theatre. It has an air of honesty and freshness not to be found in a theatre. It is nearer to life. The average song, maybe, does not distort life less than the ordinary play; but, at least, it distorts life exactly as the public likes to see life distorted. It shows us, in fact, what are the tastes and sentiments of the public. It is an always trustworthy document. And, in this sense, it is near to life.

An intelligent foreigner will learn more about the soul of the English people in one visit to (say) the Tivoli than in a hundred excursions to this or that "typical" locality. He will find in the Tivoli a perfect microcosm, enabling him to leave England next morning with all the materials for a really accurate and exhaustive book about us. His first and most obvious impression will be that we lack sense of beauty. He will see Mr. Dan Leno, Mr. George Robey, Mr. Harry Randall and all the other most popular male "artists" coming on, one after the other, in the guise of unwashed drunkards. Seedy frock-coats, battered and greasy top-hats, broken and amorphous boots, crimson noses, wigs of sparse, lank hair—these and all the other invariable details will be a revelation to him. At first, perhaps, he will find reason for them in the quality of the characters impersonated. But then he will see that even the performers who do not impersonate at all, but merely tell stories or sing songs at large, are dressed in a similar way. He will contrast them with the trim creatures who, in scarlet swallow-tails and black knee-breeches, illustrate nightly the convention of the *café chantant*. He will remember that in France even the impersonators of low-class types are never unpleasant to the eye, never grotesque in an ugly way, never aiming at the illusion of uncleanness. The French people have a sense of beauty in costume, as in all the other details of life. The poor are not less seemly clad than the rich, having found and accepted a convention which makes beauty cheap. The *ouvrière*—the coster girl! But the foreigner need not go nearer to Whitechapel than the Tivoli to understand that not only have we no sense of beauty, but that we revel in ugliness for its own sake. "Nay!" you exclaim. "But he will admit that we have a great sense of beauty, when he finds that most of the female artistes are chosen for their good looks rather than for their talent, and that they come upon the stage attired in satins and diamonds and everything else that can accentuate the handsomeness of their limbs and faces." Granting (insincerely) that the costume of the "serio" is not always hideous, garish, and absurd, I reply that your objection is off the point. Every "average sensual man" exercises a sense of beauty in regard to women; and the fact that he admires handsome women and likes to see them showing themselves off in handsome dresses does not imply that he has any sense of beauty whatever in any other connexion. Show to the "average [English] sensual man" anything hideous, except a woman, and he will not be at all put out. Indeed, if the thing is but hideous enough, he will be very much pleased by it. He is, for example, very much pleased by the comedian's seedy frock-coat and crimson nose.

The intelligent foreigner, pursuing his investigations, will be struck by the ugliness of the humour not less than by that of its purveyors. He will find that most of the jokes are made about ugly things. I need not

give examples; they would be familiar to anyone who has frequented Halls. I do not, of course, refer to indecent things. There is very little indecency in the Halls; but the love of ugly details of life is ever rampant, and will strengthen the conclusions of our intelligent foreigner. Another thing which will instruct him is that, whereas in France the comic impersonator usually comes on in high spirits, in England he almost invariably comes on in the depth of gloom or in a paroxysm of resentment. In France, something pleasant has happened to him, and he proceeds to sing his song about it gaily. In England, he has some tale of sordid woe to unfold: the upstairs lodger has assaulted him, or he has just been expelled from a public-house, or his wife has left him. In both cases, the aim and the result are laughter. But, in the striking difference of means, our intelligent foreigner will find, rightly, a proof that despondency is as much the normal state of existence in England as is cheerfulness in France. In England we make our own sufferings tolerable by laughing at other people's; in France personal gaiety is increased by sympathising with the personal gaiety of others. Yet another point of interest to our visitor will be the enormous amount of attention paid to drink. Hardly a song that has not at least a passing reference to inebriation; many that have that state as an exclusive subject. Again, perfectly legitimate conclusions will be drawn.

Indeed, there is not one peculiarity of our race, good or bad, that is not well illustrated in the Music Halls. Were I to attempt a full list I should far exceed my space. I must content myself with one further instance. Hypocrisy! Where would you find that quality of ours more obvious than at the Tivoli and such resorts? Part of the Englishman's pleasure, like the Frenchman's, is strictly sensual. Handsome women, dressed in such a way that the fewest possible number of their good points shall be missed, come upon the stage and sing songs. As I suggest, they do not often sing well, or wittily, or wisely; but that does not matter: the "average sensual man," of whom the audience is composed, is there not to admire their art, but to have a good look at them. In France, the situation is frankly accepted. The women sing songs in accord with it. But this would never do in England. A touch of "verbal impropriety" is permitted, now and again, to a male comedian, or to a plain female comedian. But the pretty female comedian must never sing anything that is not purely patriotic, or sentimental, or infantile; else the audience would be outraged by being reminded what it is there for. A few years ago, I heard Mdle. Anna Held singing in London a rather suggestive song, whose refrain was "For I have such a way with me, a way with me, a way with me." The audience was obviously distracted between horror and joy. Joy got the upper hand; the applause was fairly loud, yet with a note of resentment in it. Mdle. Held stood bowing her acknowledgments, and then sang an encore verse. Suddenly a voice from the gallery cried, "Yes! Away with you!" The situation was saved. Puritanism had triumphed. The audience was able to applaud the encore-verse, whole-heartedly, on pretext of applauding that wrathful voice. At the Tivoli, lately, there was a "sketch" which exactly illustrated how far an English audience likes things to go. It was called "Rose Ponpon"—the name of "an infamous woman." Soon after the curtain rose, a woman appeared, cloaked and bonneted as a hospital nurse. She threw off her covering—behold Rose Ponpon in all her attractive vileness! She was not really vile, however; she had reformed, become a hospital nurse, worked miracles of tenderness and endurance, and only revealed herself in the old light "in order to save the life of the man she loved." She continued to reveal herself in that light throughout the "sketch," to the delight of the audience. Finally, of course, she resumed her cloak and bonnet.

Well! though I dislike hypocrisy, I have no doubt that it is a very valuable asset for a nation. National license means national decay. Human nature being what it is, true virtue is not generally possible. The next best thing to virtue is that active form of respect for virtue which is called hypocrisy. A bad day for

England when she no longer practises it! On that day her downfall will begin. Happily, there are, at present, no signs of its advent. Hypocrisy reigns supreme in the places which truliest reflect the nation's spirit. It is our duty, however, to keep our eyes constantly directed towards those places, in order that we may detect the first signs of vicious frankness. Considering the vast importance of Music Halls as indices of national character, I cannot understand why every newspaper seriously interested in politics does not keep a Music Hall critic. The dramatic critic, that mere luxury, might well be jettisoned.

MAX.

PUCCINI AND KUBELIK.

"**L**A TOSCA" is the only new work (to England) produced at Covent Garden this season; its production has been gorgeously advertised; the whole world has been told how the determination to produce it was due to one of the ablest artists of the operatic stage; cash and brains have not been spared (someone must have spent huge sums on lining the gallery alone). Therefore, although I had already taken infinite pains to do justice to the music, it seemed well worth while listening to a great part of the opera once again to correct any false impression that might have been received, any false opinion that might have been formed. I have corrected my first, second, and third impressions to a certain degree, and my previous opinion as well. That is to say, Monday night's performance convinced me that the music was worse even than I had supposed. "La Tosca" may indeed be reckoned a classic in one respect: it grows upon one the longer one listens to it. But whereas a fugue of Bach, a Wagner scene, a Beethoven or a Mozart movement, seems more and more splendid every time it is heard, every representation of "La Tosca" reveals fresh defects, new weaknesses. As a psychological experiment it might be worth hearing every time it keeps "Tristan" or another fine work out of the bills this season, and then when Covent Garden has finally closed its doors asking oneself where it is to be placed. I already count it amongst the worst Italian operas: it is as bad for 1900 as "Favorita" or "Norma" was for the early part of the century; and goodness knows where I should have to set it if I heard it half a dozen times more. The brain reels before such a problem. The public has not yet accepted it, which is so much the better for "Tosca," for the public seldom jumps at a really fine work. But the public is being persuaded hard that it is a masterwork of the first water. Besides that ridiculous and despicable nonsense about its "success in the Principal Cities of Italy and South America," there are being industriously circulated the usual types of fatuous anecdote about the composer and his experiences. And besides the anecdote, the applause at the performances is being ingeniously engineered by experts. All this only makes it the more necessary to tell the truth. To me the truth is this: that the man, woman or child who owns to liking "La Tosca" shows his, her or its unfitness to judge any work of art whatever. It contains not an original or memorable phrase; it is a mass of shreds and patches carelessly heaped together; poor as the melodrama is, the music never rises even to its height. I have seen as good melodrama at the Adelphi and heard it accompanied by more appropriate music. And—this is the sad point about the whole affair—I have seen better melodramatic heroines than Ternina at the Adelphi. As an Adelphi heroine, she, one of our most magnificent and conscientious artists, proves an utterly hopeless failure. She cannot even carry her skirts across the stage. It was a ludicrous sight when she gathered up her long flowing garments somewhere about the knee and made curious waddling rushes here and there. She is far too real and sincere an actress ever to compete on their own floor with Sarah Bernhardt and her peers. Further, after listening very carefully to her a second time I declare that she cannot sing bad Italian music. I had hoped that after her undoubted fiasco on the first night she would leave "Tosca" alone; but since she continues to try to play it—play it she cannot—I can only pray fervently that we may never see the "Barber"

announced with Ternina as Rosina, and under the cast the statement: "Mme. Ternina will sing, in the Lesson Scene, The Mad Scene from 'Lucia di Lammermoor.'" Covent Garden has already fallen so low as to make that announcement in respect to an artist much inferior to Ternina; may Ternina preserve sufficient self-respect to refuse to allow Covent Garden ever to make it about her.

With this I dismiss "La Tosca" from my mind and from these columns. I should certainly not have devoted so much time, trouble and space to it if its success here had meant anything less than a recrudescence of the villainous old Italian traditions at Covent Garden. Otherwise I might have treated it as a bad dish is treated in a restaurant. It may be said: Send away the dish if you like, but why throw it at the waiter's, or the cook's, head? The answer is that in art, or at any rate in art in England, neither cook nor waiter can be persuaded that you don't want the dish until it is thrown at his head. Doubtless Puccini is a very estimable and charming person; doubtless he works honestly for what he considers good art. Nevertheless he represents an evil art—Italian music, to wit—and his success would have meant the preponderating influence in England of that evil art. Wherefore it has been my duty to throw back his score at him, accompanied by a certain portion of the truth about it. Farewell, Puccini: may you prosper, but in other climes! Continue, my friend, to sketch in scrappy incidental music to well-known plays and call the results great and novel operas. Continue to delight the eyes and ears of Italy with operas written round luncheon-baskets and dealing mainly with victualling and commissariat arrangements. But spare England: this country has done neither you nor your nation nearly so much harm as she has done other nations: disturb not the existing peaceful relations!

Kubelik, Kubelik, Kubelik, all the world was saying when I went to hear—and see—Kubelik. I found a hall crammed with panting ladies who, if they knew the difference between B flat and a boiler explosion, might be reckoned on to prefer the boiler explosion. After hearing—and seeing—Kubelik, I cannot for the life of me tell what all the ladies came to hear—and, of course, to see. He is an ordinary clever violinist who plays a good deal of Paganini. Now, Paganini is not worth playing at all, but if it is played, for goodness sake let it be played in tune. To play it out of tune is easy enough. Amongst the handsomen of London there are scores who can play it out of tune; amongst the best violinists in the world there are few, very few, who can play it absolutely in tune. In point of technique Kubelik stands a little higher than the ordinary handsman; and as yet he is very far below the few really great violinists. His technique does not take one's breath away; and when he plays a piece in which mere technique—mere rapidity of finger—counts for little one perceives him to be by no means a fine artist. What the fuss is about I neither know nor care. If the admiration of a crowd of foolish women brings money into his pocket I shall be very pleased, and shall take the liberty of hoping that he will use it with the purpose of turning himself into a fine artist. I have seen too many of these prima donnas of the concert-hall come and go to feel any great interest in them. Within the last ten years at least half a dozen have appeared, have drawn mobs of hysterical women, then have played to empty halls and fallen on their long night of utter oblivion. The male prima donna, unless he be a singer, has a brief public life. Paderewski has lasted longest of them all; and he would have passed away years ago if he had by too frequent playing made himself cheap as Sauer and others made themselves cheap, and as Kubelik is making himself cheap. I beg Kubelik to relinquish such monkey-tricks as tuning his G string up to A or B flat, and, if he wishes to be considered as an artist, to set to work to make himself an artist. Whether he will succeed I cannot guess: nothing that he has yet done affords me the slightest hint. For the present I can only marvel that such crowds should crush into St. James's Hall to hear—or see—him and hope that Mr. Kubelik is enjoying the warmth while the brief sun of prosperity shines on him. J. F. R.

THE SONG OF CHEIRON.

UNDER the mountain lawn
Are caverns, yea, there are many
On no cliff face that yawn,
Nor may be reached by any
Fissure, or crevice, or chink
Through which the stoat might slink,
Or winter-dreading snake
His way to their vastness make.

Lakes in those rock-halls sleep,
Huge cisterns, water lanes,
Pure in black darkness and deep,
The storage of old rains;
In corridor, aisle, and transept
As pure and as long have slept
Vast volumes of night air,
For wind was never there.

Beautiful on the lawn
The hoofs of the centaur sound,
Thrilling the peaceful dawn
And echoing under ground;
Beautiful, making mad his ears,
And brimming his eyes with luscious tears,
That four-fold, triumphal thud,
So mellow, reverberant, grand,
At moments commanding his blood
In ecstasy pale to stand
Pulseless;—but lovelier far,
More maddening, grander, divine,
In the air, o'er the lakes of the mine,
Those sounds of his trampling are!—
More than song, ay, more and other
Than, in concord with each other,
A thousand harps and lyres
Responding to sweet choirs,
When Helios, treading down the west,
Enters golden halls to rest:
That music unenjoyed, I deem,
Is deeper bliss than ear can dream
Save when, high on that lawn by night,
Round a dome that has all things spanned,
In the silence of delight,
The stars unnumbered stand.

I am the centaur who knows,
The beauty of hooves is sound,
And not like the horse that goes
Unenraptured over the ground.
The wisest of men I track,
And take them upon my back.
Pitying their steps so weak,
But entranced to hear them speak.

They say the adventurous mind,
Where thought has yet no roads
Holds there are yet to find
Vast and divine abodes
In the central secret soul,
Where purpose and grace do roll
Like music tombed in the lawn,
When I gallop for joy at dawn;
Like silence of stars by night,
When their beauty exerts her might.

T. STURGE MOORE.

THE TROUBLES OF SHARE CAPITAL.

THERE are two Life offices which especially suffer from the possession of too much share capital. These two are the Guardian and the Law Life. Each of them possesses a paid-up capital of one million, and from the point of view of a Life assurance policy-holder this capital is purely superfluous, and may even be detrimental. Both these companies have made a quinquennial valuation up to 31 December, 1899, and in both cases the inconvenience of too much capital is abundantly apparent.

The Guardian values its liabilities by the Institute of Actuaries' Tables with interest at 3 per cent. throughout, and states that the average rate of interest earned on the funds has been £3 17s. 2d. per cent. This provides a margin, which while abundant for purposes of security, can scarcely provide anything very handsome in the way of bonuses. The provision set aside for expenses is 18·7 per cent. of the premiums, and the average percentage of premiums absorbed in commission and expenses for the past five years has been 14 per cent., to which it is appropriate to add 6·4 per cent. of the premiums for dividends to shareholders, a payment from which it is difficult to see that the participating policy-holders receive any benefit whatever. The proprietors take 20 per cent. of the surplus, which is distinctly too much, and it is mere special pleading to try to make out, as the actuary does, that this very substantial payment is compensated for by the profit on the non-participating business, which is said to be to a great extent attracted by the security offered by the paid-up capital. A company that values by the Institute of Actuaries' Tables with interest at 3 per cent., and still more a company that values at 2½ per cent. or 2 per cent. as some mutual offices do, is so abundantly strong that the additional security of share-capital practically adds nothing to the security afforded. There is nothing to prevent a mutual office doing a large non-participating business, and there are some mutual offices whose proportion of non-participating business is larger than that of the Guardian, and to state in italics, as the actuary does, that "the policy-holders in the Guardian have practically the security of a proprietary company, combined with the profits of a mutual society," is to suggest that some advantage results from an absolutely superfluous capital, and to ignore the fact that the payment by the policy-holders of nearly 6½ per cent. of the premiums yields them no benefit of any kind, while involving to some extent the management of the office in the interests of the shareholders, which may sometimes be opposed to the interests of the policy-holders.

The policy-holders of the Law Life are in no better plight, since they pay the shareholders 7·3 per cent. of the premiums, in addition to 11·5 per cent. for commission and expenses, thus absorbing 18·8 per cent. of the premiums as compared with a provision set aside for expenses to the extent of 16·7 per cent. The Law Life has however decided to give nine-tenths of the total surplus to policies effected since 1896, and for such policies the cost to the shareholders is consequently only about 3½ per cent. of the premiums, and the total expenditure is within the provision made for it. Such points as those we have mentioned are unquestionably detrimental to the offices, but at the same time it has to be remembered that the question of expenditure is only one fact out of many in determining the merits or demerits of Life offices. Other things being equal such a consideration would be decisive against the companies, but other things are not equal, and both the Guardian and the Law Life give their policy-holders a better return for a uniform premium of say £100 a year, than can be obtained from many mutual offices, but at the same time, when their results are compared with mutual Life assurance at its best, it has to be recognised that policy-holders can do better elsewhere. Nobody is to blame for this state of things. The original shareholders risked their money in order to found the business, many existing proprietors have bought their shares at very substantial premiums, and it would be unfair to them to diminish unduly the amount of profits they receive. At the same time it has to be recognised that since these

companies were started some seventy years ago, many changes have taken place, share capital has become superfluous, and assurers have become critical, hence it seems probable that in order to maintain the volume of new business it is necessary to grant as a minimum nine-tenths of the surplus, as the Law Life now does, and as the Guardian will doubtless find it prudent to do in the near future.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FUTURE OF THE IRISH LANDLORDS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—At the risk of wearying you, may I ask to be allowed to make a few remarks on your article of 14 July dealing with the future of the Irish landlords? It is a somewhat surprising utterance for the SATURDAY REVIEW: one had looked for such bias in the "Daily Chronicle."

I do not want to "call names," and I have no particular sympathy for Orange irreconcilables as such. Further, I have no wish to pursue the Mr. Gill red-herring further away from the main issue. A previous letter of mine has been somewhat misunderstood: I deprecated the outcry against Mr. Gill's appointment, but said that, in view of Mr. Gill's former connexion with the Plan of Campaign, that outcry was perfectly intelligible. You, Sir, promised in an editorial note to reconsider the position if you were satisfied that Mr. Gill was connected with the Plan. The correspondence of the last few weeks must have convinced you of the connexion. The result is that you repeat the old charge of intolerance against the Irish landlords, and ignore the Plan.

This is an admirable instance of the general English attitude towards Irish Conservatives. When we advance a grievance, the stereotyped reply is that we do not know what we are talking about. If we prove that we speak with knowledge, the alternative retort is that we are bigoted and tactless, and that we ought to thank God for being allowed to live. Three years ago Lord Salisbury advised us to advertise our grievances: now that we are beginning to do so, every good English Conservative asks us how we can be so inconsiderate as to complain. This by way of clearing the ground: I hope to show that your article is as misleading in substance as it is ungracious in spirit.

First, for the "distinct and reiterated pledges on which the Unionists obtained power." Do you expect to convince anybody that the electorate of Great Britain insisted on an Irish Local Government Bill? Even if they did expect one, is it not a trifle dangerous for the party that played with the Old Age Pension idea to dwell upon its election pledges? You say the Bill was "so thorough that it disarmed the criticism of the Nationalist members." Now that the South African War has shown even incredulous Englishmen what the spirit of the Nationalist members is (a long career of nursing outrages, and a striking instance of currish disloyalty to their own chosen leader on the part of these worthies having failed to drive the lesson home)—can you now seriously pretend that Nationalist support is a recommendation of any measure? Again, you speak of "the generous treatment of Irish landlords in remitting their half of the poor rate." Are you, or are you not, aware that if the Land Commission continue their present policy they will undoubtedly, in future revisions of rents, take into account the fact that landlords are relieved of this burden, and will cut down rents proportionately, thus leaving landlords as they were before the Bill, with the important difference that they have ceased to have any voice in the spending of the rates?

As for the fall in rents, is it not a fact that while the market value of good English land has fallen greatly, that of good Irish land has during the last ten years actually risen, judging by the prices paid for tenant right? Of course the rise has not benefited the Irish landlord: he cannot sell his estate to an outsider while capricious action on the part of the House of Commons is to be feared, and his chance of selling it to his tenant is diminished by the fact that the latter believes with

reason that his rent will be periodically lowered by the land Court.

But it is useless to accumulate protests, and I must remember that I belong to a very bigoted class, and that I ought to be thankful for being allowed to retain enough money to buy my SATURDAY REVIEW. There is just one positive point which deserves notice. Seeing—as you admit—that the Irish landlords are in a bad way, seeing that they have been sacrificed to electoral exigencies, seeing that they have done very much for the Empire which the Nationalists love to revile, is there any reason why the Treasury should refuse to lend them money on good security to redeem their mortgages at the same rate at which they lend money to tenants to purchase their holdings?

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
A FUTURE IRISH LANDLORD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Estate Office, Market Hill, co. Armagh,
18 July, 1900.

SIR,—In your article on "The Future of the Irish Landlords" you say "no sane landlord will suggest that rents could possibly have been maintained at the standard of the seventies" and you cite the instance of the Duke of Devonshire's English and Irish estates where in one country the reduction caused by the "higgling of the market" is 35 per cent. and the others "by law" very much less. I admit that rents that were fair in 1870 according to "the higgling of the market" would not be fair now, but it is well known that the greater portion of the Duke of Devonshire's Irish property is grass land, the rents of which were originally fixed when beef and mutton could be bought for half the present price; but notwithstanding the rise that took place in the value of land the rents were not increased, and instead of his grace's rents being now reduced they might very fairly be increased. In his evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons which sat in 1894, speaking of fair rent Judge Bewley stated "In valuing anything else that I know of, the test is market value, and the test would be the letting value to an outsider, but we are excluded we believe, under the terms of the statute, from fixing the fair rent at anything at all like the market value." No doubt Judge Bewley's view of the law was incorrect, but there is no appeal from a decision of the Land Commission on a question of value, the Land Commission are still reducing rents on the principle that the "fair rent" must be considerably less than a "fair market rent" making due allowance for any improvements the tenant may have made, yet Her Majesty's Government decline to follow the recommendations of the Fry Commission, or to take any steps to put an end to the abuses in the practice of the Land Commission which Mr. Morley's Committee, as well as the Royal Commission, reported exist.

I am, your obedient servant,
HENRY A. JOHNSTON.

MR. LONG'S DOG REGULATIONS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

151 Strand, London, W.C., 13 July, 1900.

SIR,—The President of the Board of Agriculture has issued a proclamation concerning the importation of dogs, in which, after quoting the wildly improbable and transparently false statistics of rabies (so-called) on the Continent, he insults the British public by a spiteful threat of further oppression of dogs and their owners should he be given more trouble by persons having the audacity to bring their own dogs back with them when returning from abroad. In view of this threat, allow me to place before your readers certain facts connected with Mr. Long's present quarantine regulations for dogs. Dogs taken out of this country in a perfectly healthy condition, and brought back in the same healthy state, even from Ireland, where rabies (so-called) is officially declared extinct, or from Norway, where that disease is said to be unknown are, even though provided with veterinary certificates of health, ordered by the Board of Agriculture to be isolated for six months, forbidden to be exercised on any "public highway," in some cases are confined

during the period of isolation without exercise in any shape or form, and are sometimes compelled to wear the barbarous wire muzzle for six months, day and night, indoors and out for six months; these last mandates being so heartlessly and revoltingly cruel that their authors ought to be prosecuted by the R.S.P.C.A. The unfortunate owners of imported dogs are forbidden to take their dogs with them when moving from one house or town to another, or to bring them back to their homes after an unavoidable temporary absence, and are ordered either to leave the dogs in empty houses or to send them to veterinary establishments, while the owners have to pay heavy bills to the veterinary surgeons for their keep for prolonged periods. Dog owners have been refused permission to land their dogs in this country under any conditions whatsoever, detained abroad during three months' correspondence with the Board, and then told that their English residence is "unsuitable," so are unable to return home; they have been refused permission to bring a dog unless a declaration was signed that the dogs would never again leave the shores of England, and have been annoyed and insulted by frequent domiciliary visits from police, who even force themselves into ladies' bedrooms at night, to see if the dogs are muzzled! Those who decline to torture their dogs or are, owing to uncontrollable circumstances, unable to fulfil all the unreasonable and tyrannical demands of the Board are prosecuted and heavily fined. Now, Sir, I submit that edicts and action such as I have exposed, and which have been brought to the notice of the National Canine Defence League in bitterly indignant letters, are unworthy of a Government department and of a civilised and professedly free and humane nation, and are a disgrace to England. Between Ireland and this country there should now be no quarantine for dogs; and, no matter where a dog comes from, a veterinary certificate should clear both him and his owner from all further trouble and restrictions. The British public which pays the salaries of Mr. Long and his board, and contributes over half a million yearly to the revenue in dog licences, with its bitter experience of Mr. Long's dog legislation, all of which has been throughout characterised by pitiless cruelty towards dogs and callous disregard of the wishes and rights of dog owners, is unquestionably in no mood for the passing of the Dogs Bill, by which Mr. Long would be granted further and greater powers for the persecution of dogs and their owners, than those which he has already so grossly abused.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

C. A. M. BAILEY,
Member of Executive Committee, National Canine Defence League.

A REWARD FOR BRAVERY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Madras, India, 27 June, 1900.

SIR,—A recent picture in "Punch" ought to suggest a serious duty to Parliament and the Ministry. It would be not merely a grateful and graceful recognition of the nation's debt to those who give up their lives in its service, but an act of plain and imperative justice, to relieve their families from the cruel burden of what Mr. Gladstone dubbed the Death-duties. The estates of some of our oldest families, those for instance of the Marquis of Winchester, the Earl of Airlie, and General Wauchope, will be seriously crippled, and may even be brought to the hammer, through the patriotic devotion of their last owners. Sir William Harcourt doubtless designed the crushing estate-duty for the extinction of the peer and the squire, who hold him in just contempt. But the present Ministry is in no way pledged to carry out his amiable intentions. And the least it can justly do is to modify the Finance Act with retrospective effect, by exempting from estate-duty, settlement-duty, and legacy or succession-duty, the estates of all soldiers and sailors who fall in action, or who die within a year from wounds or diseases, which have befallen them while on active service. It is incredibly mean for a rich nation to make a profit out of the self-sacrifice of its noblest servants.—Yours truly,

A LANDLESS CIVILIAN.

REVIEWS.

A LOST POET.

"*Lucretius on Life and Death, in the Metre of Omar Khayyám.*" By W. H. Mallock. London: Black. 1900. 10s. net.

"HOW good a poet was in Mallock lost" is an echo of eighteenth verse which may commend itself to some of those who can think back to the early days of the "New Republic"—a book which the critics for some reason or other never laid themselves out to praise, but which the public has never allowed to be out of print. We find it difficult to believe that the public ever will. Epigram and parody are buoyant things in the stream of time, and, apart from its enduring interest as a picture of religious and social thought twenty-five years ago, enough feeling underlay the epigrams to prevent our mistaking them for the mere facetiæ which are too flippant not to be ephemeral. But, to keep to what we have more immediately in mind, there seemed also to be evidences of no little command of verse.

"One was Queen Venus, blown for my delight
Across the blue sea in a rosy shell."

The author of the melodious sonnet in which that phrase occurs—the author of the lines which we may call "Margaret," and of other snatches of song, seemed to be telling the dogs of that day that he who wrote these could write more. Nevertheless anyone who hastened in that faith to buy Mr. Mallock's subsequent volume of poems was much disappointed. The volume admittedly consisted merely of primitiæ retrieved from school-boy note-books, and

"The long loose laugh of the wild woodpecker" is the only line which our memory at this moment retains. And there too upon the title-page was the lugubrious motto from Matthew Arnold—"The mount is mute the channel dry"—warning us to expect no more poetry. Matthew Arnold, who had a way of writing with one foot on prose and one on verse, completed the quatrain in his characteristic manner—

"The mount is mute the channel dry—
And down he lays his weary bones!"

Mr. Mallock has unhappily permitted himself to exemplify a phrase which he would hardly have brought himself to write. Like Clough he laid down his weary bones halfway up the hill of Helicon, and one can only conclude that he did so for the reasons given in a set of joco-serious verses which he addressed some eight years ago to the Miss Margot Tennant of that day:—

"For you Life's a garden, whose vista discloses
The Heavens at the end; but it looms on our sight
Like a thicket of briars with a few withered roses,
And beyond is the night, is the night, is the night!"

"Nox dormienda"—"linquenda Tellus"—these are the sad headings to our psalms of life which would seem to have disheartened the muse of Mr. Mallock and set him upon his curious task of persuading other people to hide an ostrich head in the sands of Romanism. That the inability to unravel the "master knot of human fate" does not necessarily still the voice of poetry Omar Khayyám and many others bear witness, but we are convinced of its benumbing effect upon some minds. Lewis Carroll in the preface to "Sylvie and Bruno" went so far as to express surprise that a man who held the beliefs of Horace should ever have smiled again, but, on the other hand, when Mr. Edwardes in "Boswell" tried to be a philosopher "cheerfulness was always stepping in," and it is wonderful what logical difficulties a congenital twist of nature can surmount.

Readers who agree with us in our estimate of Mr. Mallock's powers of verse will share our pleasure that Lucretius has withdrawn him for a moment from the paths of prose. If we are not mistaken Mr. Mallock has already edited Lucretius in the "Ancient Classics" series, and to make this close poetical paraphrase—mostly from the third book—must have been to him a pleasant and familiar occupation. We do not think that he has been judicious in using such Christian phraseology as the "peace that passeth understanding" or "come unto me all ye that labour." His idea has been to emphasise the "strange contrast between the gospel of science, which, in the days of

Lucretius, as in our own, had no hope to offer us but that of eternal death, and the gospel of the Christian religion, which offers us eternal life." We think however the contrast is obvious enough without this bizarre way of calling attention to it, and the biblical quotations not only have to our ears the ring of anachronism and falsetto but may also mislead English readers into conjecturing this paraphrase to be much less faithful to the original than it really is. We have noticed little for which a Lucretian equivalent might not be found. The sonorous and forcible rhetoric of this version is very enjoyable and when we come upon such a phrase as—

"and other seas in turn

Mow with their scythes of whiteness other bays"—

we can but revert to the lament with which we began this review.

RHETORIC ABOUT RUSSIA.

"The Rise of the Russian Empire." By Hector H. Munro. London: Grant Richards. 1900. 10s. 6d.

WE agree with Mr. Munro as to the need for a good history of Russia. It would throw much useful light upon a political system which remains imperfectly understood, and it should possess a romantic interest capable of competing with the best efforts of fiction. So far we have had various dramatic portraiture of sensational characters and episodes, but no lucid consecutive narrative of the birth and life of the Empire. Mr. Munro's book is an attempt to fill this gap and we are bound to recognise his patient industry. But the taking of infinite pains does not always constitute genius, and we dare not hope to see him a useful historian until he shall contrive to master a more readable style. At first he seemed to have modelled himself on Freeman, but after much plodding perseverance we could not credit him with more than a caricature. He has a habit of diluting heavy information until it wears a delusive appearance of lightness; he builds up pictures with all the unnecessary detail so dear to the false prophets of realism; he inflates his superficial knowledge and a superficial reader would vote him profound; he has all the loose inaccuracy which claims indulgence on the score of picturesqueness among many modern historians; he builds up Brobdingnagian sentences until it is necessary to take breath more than once in the midst of them; he has no sense of proportion, no imagination, no power of analysis; he proves nothing, depicts nothing, convinces nobody. Where he is most irritating is in his absurd affectations, which have not always even the excuse of precious accuracy. It is bad enough to find "Petr the Great," "Aleksandr," "Lit'uanians," "Moskva" for Moscow, "Skandinavian," and other barbarous eccentricities of spelling, but when he goes on to allude to "Moscovy," which is of no language, to transliterate "jh" and "ovitsch," to quote a familiar phrase as "Il Allah illah Allah," he adds a painful ignorance to his other shortcomings. Here is a typical sentence, with which he begins a chapter on "The Coming of the Mongols:" "As an advancing tide, engulfing in its progression the stretches of ooze land which lie in its onward path, sends scurrying before it flights of waders and other shore-haunting birds, driven from their feeding-grounds, so the great Mongol wave which was creeping upon Eastern Europe drove before it disordered troops of the Polovtzi nomads, seeking among their old enemies the safety which their desert fastnesses no longer afforded." This sort of would-be fine writing is lavished not only upon events of secular importance but upon trivial, parenthetical incidents, so that all possibility of light and shade is sacrificed. Often he soars to the most extravagant high-falutin in his endeavours to parade the versatility of his learning: "it was a silent city that they left behind them—a city peopled by 24,000 corpses, meet gathering ground for wehr-wolf, ghou, and vampire, a wild Walpurgis Nacht for the Yaga-Babas of Slavonic lore." How much simpler to have said "the town was destroyed"! And, intermingled with such stuff as this, we have familiar quotations, which we hoped had ere now been discarded even by the tiros of literature. Here are two actually culled from one page: "'Under which King?' was undisguisedly the issue which was before

the Novgorodskie at this juncture . . . "*cherches la femme*" would scarcely hold good with regard to Russian troubles."

We do not of course pretend for a moment that Mr. Munro's task was an easy one. Indeed even a capable historian might well shrink from it. So much of the beginnings of Russia is shrouded in obscurity that it might almost have been dismissed in a few lines as conjectural history. No one seems to have any concrete idea who were the aboriginal Russ or whence they came. To describe them as "like ocean demi-gods riding out from the sea into the ken of mortal men" may be all very fine and poetical, but it is not convincing as history. We need at least a few legends and traditions, even though they be but homely fairy-tales like that of Canute and the waves or Alfred and the cakes, to vivify the dry bones of "conjectural history." Nor is Mr. Munro more illuminating when he emerges into the twilight of the Middle Ages. He has not digested his researches and we are confronted by a long, confusing chronicle of aimless and inconsequent feuds, the pettiest of which loom as largely as those which bear upon the development of the nation. It is only half-way through the book that we approach, at the accession of Ivan III., any semblance of comprehensible history, and even then the garrulous diction, the long parenthetical digressions, the relays of forced similes maintain the reader's bewilderment. All through, the really important clue to the character of Russian development is persistently ignored or misunderstood. The author actually attributes the backwardness of Russia to her rejection of the Roman communion, and adduces as a contrast the superior civilisation which he claims to have found in Roman Catholic Hungary. This would, of course, be very easy to answer, but his various obiter dicta place him quite out of court as an authority on theology. Indeed, we cannot altogether absolve him of a profanity, which often comes perilously near to blasphemy. Carping ignorantly at the magnificence of the capital of Constantine, he permits himself to say that "in upholstery and artificial landscape gardening, and its gilded gates and rooms of porphyry, its jewelled trees with mechanical singing-birds, it might well challenge comparison with the golden streets and walls of precious stones and sea of glass that adorned the Holy City of the Apocalypse." He sums up the Byzantine religion with the quotation about "cold Christ and tangled trinities." Describing the approach of "the death-dealing Horde," he indulges in this touch of atheism: "From cathedral, church, and roadside shrine wails the pitiful litany, 'Save us from the infidels!' Candles burn and incense swings, and anguish-stricken hearts yearn out their prayer, 'Save us from the infidels!' Call Him louder. Perchance He sleepeth." In perusing this history of the rise of a Christian Empire, we too are tempted to exclaim, "Save us from the infidels!" Nor, despite his belief in the civilising influence of Rome, is it merely the Orthodox Church that he ridicules. The title of "the gentlemen of God," he supposes with a sneer, must have been applied satirically to the Teutonic Knights, and the intervention of a Pope as a peace-maker is dismissed as "the apparition of this very [*sic*] soiled dove masquerading with an olive branch in its crimson beak." In fact Mr. Munro has evidently mistaken his vocation.

CHURCH HISTORY.

- "A Short History of the Church in Great Britain." By the Rev. W. H. Hutton. London: Rivingtons. 1900. 3s. 6d.
- "The English Church from its Foundation to the Norman Conquest (597-1066)." By William Hunt. London: Macmillan. 1900. 5s. net.
- "Popular History of the Church of England." By the Bishop of Ripon. London: Murray. 1900. 6s.
- "The Genius of Protestantism: a Book for the Times." By the Rev. R. M'Cheyne Edgar. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier. 1900. 6s.

TO tell the history of the Church in this island from the martyrdom of S. Alban to the accession of Archbishop Temple in 283 pages is no mean achieve-

ment. Mr. Hutton has done this, and done it well. He is a thoroughgoing Anglican of the modern school and an apologist of Archbishop Laud, as becomes a distinguished alumnus of S. John's. The judicious reader will remember and allow for these facts as he reads. We cannot profess to approve the present fashion of small books, but, if small books on great subjects are to be written, we could not wish the work better done than by Mr. Hutton in this book. Necessarily he covers much the same ground as the late Mr. Wakeman in his Introduction, but he evidently writes independently, and follows a larger plan.

The "History of the English Church" which the Dean of Winchester is editing has made an excellent start in "The English Church from its Foundation to the Norman Conquest" (597-1066) by William Hunt. This is a thoroughly sound and scholarly piece of work. The earlier part covers ground already familiar to English Churchmen in Canon Bright's excellent and popular "Chapters of Early English Church History," but that work stopped at the death of Wilfrith in 709, and for the rest of the pre-Conquest period we had no satisfactory book. An admirable feature in Mr. Hunt's volume is the list of authorities appended to each chapter. It is a pity that there are no maps; that is the only criticism we have to make. We cordially recommend this book to the study of that increasing public which takes an intelligent interest in the ecclesiastical history of England. The two books just noticed are the work of trained historical scholars, and, though neither is lacking in literary excellence, yet the conditions under which both were written did not admit of that "popularity" at which the Bishop of Ripon avowedly aims in his "Popular History of the Church of England," and which, we think, his work will deservedly obtain. The Bishop is plainly not an historical expert, but he is an acute, experienced, well-read man with a fine natural faculty for easy and eloquent expression, and he has produced a book which, though certainly superficial and occasionally warped by prejudice, is always readable, sometimes even fascinating, and marked everywhere by that conversational simplicity, which the public for which it is designed values beyond all graces of style. The most serious defect in the Bishop's work is his attitude towards the See of Rome in the chapters, which treat of our pre-Reformation history. He adopts, and exaggerates, the view which has too long prevailed in Anglican circles, and which has been popularised by Mr. Nye and his friends. To speak of "a free, independent national Church possessed of its own laws, customs, and rights" as existing in England at any time before the sixteenth century involves a dangerous anachronism: and to call the Pope "the foreigner" in the reign of John argues a really serious misconception of mediæval Christendom. The Bishop seems to think that the very mark of spiritual excellence in a Churchman of those times was resistance to the Papacy. It would not be very far from the truth to affirm the precise contrary during the greater part of the mediæval epoch. The plain truth is that the national Church theory of our pre-Reformation history is as unhistorical as the view of the modern Roman Catholic, and it is a grave misfortune that popular writers persistently ignore the fact. The hackneyed clause in Magna Carta—"Quod Anglicana Ecclesia libera sit"—has nothing to do with independence of Rome in the modern sense of the phrase. On p. 230 the Bishop's account of what he calls "the Church Societies" gives no adequate notion of the formidable attempt to establish Presbyterianism within the organisation of the Elizabethan Church: and the paragraph about Hooker on p. 232 approaches dangerously near to claptrap. There is an Erastian ring about Chapter XXII. which alarms us, and will we fear serve the adversary with some useful weapons. We catch too distinctly the echoes of current controversy in the frequent denunciations of "extreme men," and the rather servile eulogies on "faithful laymen;" but the book steadily improves as it gets towards the modern period, in which the Bishop is plainly both better informed and more keenly interested. The publisher's duty has been well performed. Printing, paper, and especially illustrations are excellent, and we cannot doubt that a work with so many merits will, in

spite of the faults to which we have felt it our duty to call attention, enjoy a large circulation, and do much good.

The author explains that the work entitled "The Genius of Protestantism: a Book for the Times" has grown out of studies designed for "a class of Senior Freshmen in Trinity College, Dublin," which for fifteen years past he has been "taking over the history of the Reformation." He rather arrogantly "cherishes the belief that he has expounded the inner meaning of Protestantism with some measure of freshness." There is nothing original in the volume, but the case against Rome is presented from the platform of a *fin de siècle* Presbyterian with freshness and force. The writer never misses an opportunity for gibing at the Ritualists, and refers to Mr. Walter Walsh as an authority. Occasionally he degenerates into vulgarity, and the footnotes do not give an exalted idea of his reading. The book illustrates the atmosphere of Trinity College, to which Mr. Balfour convincingly points as an excuse for Roman Catholic abstentions from a theoretically neutral institution.

AMONG HORSES.

1. "Among Horses in Russia." 2. "Among Horses in South Africa." By M. H. Hayes, late Captain "The Buffs." London: R. A. Everett and Co. 1900.

NO man is more at home among horses than Captain Hayes. When serving in India he went in for racing, chasing, pigsticking and polo: his home is in the Shires, where he is in the habit of hunting: and since he left the army, like the gentleman who turned David Copperfield out of the box-seat in the Yarmouth coach, he may say literally that "orses has been wittles and drink" to him. He has traded with dealers in many countries: he has qualified and practised as a veterinary surgeon: and he has given lectures and exhibitions of horse-breaking in various parts of the world. Moreover he has written many books, and as he has paid sundry professional visits to Russia, he has naturally recorded his experiences there. They tell us much that is new and worth knowing about Russian horses and the mounting of the cavalry, and as Captain Hayes never sticks too closely to his special subjects, his experiences are the more lively reading. Not the least entertaining part is the brief autobiographical preface in which he is so charmingly frank as to extenuate any indiscretions as to the antecedents of his friends. For, more especially in the companion volume on South Africa, he is perpetually being reminded how small the world is by running up against acquaintances who were repairing broken fortunes, or scapegraces who had come to irretrievable grief.

His first visit to the Tsar's dominions was in the way of business, having had previous dealings in horseflesh with Russian officers. While in St. Petersburg he gave an exhibition of horse-breaking in presence of the Grand Duke who commanded the cavalry. His Imperial Highness was so gratified with what he saw that Captain Hayes was subsequently engaged to go on a tour of instruction among the cavalry depôts in the South. His business relations with the Russian aristocracy were not altogether satisfactory. He sold a horse to the Grand Duke which suited him admirably. Subsequently he heard that it had been condemned as unsound, and in fact it had gone completely out of condition. He sold another to a cavalry colonel who had enthusiastically taken him up, and some months afterwards the colonel would have returned it as a roarer. In both cases he declares that the ailments were attributable to slovenly grooms and the insanitary condition of the stables. He says, in fact, that the Russians are no sportsmen: they take no genuine interest in horses and know little about them. Even the officers of the cavalry seldom ride when they can help it; narrow means forbid them costly indulgences, and they have no such school of practical equitation as poor Englishmen who draw good pay in India. The officers of the Guards and other crack corps dislike riding, detest walking, but love to drive showy animals. So the race of the Orlof trotters established by Count Alexis Orlof more than 120 years ago, has been

perpetuated: though somewhat coarse and common looking, they have quick pace, but little staying power. On the other hand, the Cossack troopers are fearless horsemen: they handle the untamed animals of the steppes in the most dare-devil fashion, and when they have broken them *tant bien que mal*, they fondle them into friendship. The Cossack cares for his horse as for himself, and is never to be tempted to tamper with the forage.

Russia has almost inexhaustible breeding-grounds to draw upon, and if it pays to send English horses to St. Petersburg, it is only because there is some demand for high-bred animals. The horses of the Asiatic steppes are low, though tough and wiry, but they are the better fitted for campaigning that, before being caught at three years old and upwards, they have been acclimatised to rough weather and accustomed to fend for themselves. Those brought from the wide plains bordering on the Don and the Dnieper are almost equally hardy, but in better condition, for they are helped with forage through the severity of the winter and are given some sort of shelter. In all of them Captain Hayes detected a strong infusion of Arab blood. In more northern regions the breeds have been improved by the importation of foreign sires and the heavy cavalry is chiefly mounted from Lithuania. Many wealthy landowners have also done much in their private *haras*, and Captain Hayes has given a favourable report of what he saw in one of these establishments which was managed by Americans.

The system of breaking is rough in the extreme: a dozen men rush simultaneously on the colt: seize him by anything that will give a hold to keep his head down: saddle and bridle him by sheer force and pitch a rough rider into the saddle. The liberated savage bucks furiously at first, and the rider is thrown or sticks on. Captain Hayes astounded them by his more scientific methods, of which we can only say that they combine firmness with gentle persuasion, and demand judgment, presence of mind and indomitable pluck. The Russian authorities did their best to baffle him by supplying the most vicious brutes procurable; but though repeatedly he nearly had his brains knocked out, he assures us that he always came off triumphant.

In fact Rarey's famous exploits with Cruiser were in the order of the Captain's every-day performances, and in South Africa his great difficulty was to get intractable brutes for his exhibitions. Tamelessness, he says, is the characteristic of all the South Africans, which he attributes to rough living and low diet. He describes them as serviceable and docile slaves, with neither fire nor spirit. Yet forty years ago there were horses in the country worth exporting to India for our cavalry mounts, and as the conditions of existence have not changed, we should have liked him to explain why the breed has deteriorated. Now, he says, the average unbroken Cape horse fetches about £7, which is little more than half the price of the raw Russian material, lassoed on the steppes. The African farmers have not only to contend with the droughts which often bring their stock to the verge of starvation, but they are always in dread of the fatal "horse-sickness," which numbers its many thousands of victims every year. With the terror of such a scourge before their eyes, the importation of foreign blood is too speculative. He remarks, by the way, that with the change of climate, imported racehorses never regain condition under two years, and if that be the case, it goes far to explain the inefficiency of our cavalry in the opening of the present campaign and the terrible wear and tear of horseflesh. It was the war, by the way, which evidently suggested the publication of this flimsy little narrative of a visit paid some eight years ago, for Captain Hayes is not the man to miss a chance. It is pleasant reading, though it tells us little about the horses, except so far as they figured in the author's performances. But he explains the South African fashion of breaking to the saddle, which is significant of the methods of the phlegmatic Boer as contrasted with those of the energetic Cossack. The head of the novice is tightly secured to that of a steady old stager by a cord which is gradually slackened as the excitement calms down, till at last it can be dispensed with. So long as the head is held fast, bucking or other vicious pranks are

impossible, and as both animals are mounted, the young one by example and experience is gradually broken to the saddle.

GEORGE SELWYN.

"George Selwyn, his Letters and his Life." By E. S. Roscoe and Helen Clergue. London: Unwin. 1899. 10s. 6d. net.

THE joint editors of the latest book about Selwyn cannot be congratulated on the use to which they have turned the material recently placed at their disposal through the labours of the Historical Manuscripts Commission. The selection they have made from the Letters printed in the Fifteenth Report of that body has been arranged on no intelligible principle. The book might either have been light and amusing or illustrative of social life and the inner side of politics in the reign of George III. It is hardly ever entertaining and only towards the end does it become instructive. Whole blocks of pages are filled with Selwyn's letters to Lord Carlisle containing not a single sentence that could interest any human being twenty years after they were written—mere personal, pointless gossip which will never be valuable except, perhaps, in assisting some biographer to fix a date. Selwyn was, as we knew before, an admirable correspondent. He heard all the talk of the Town and delighted in repeating it to his absent friend, who was thus enabled, either from Castle Howard or Dublin Castle, to keep himself as well posted in the news of the day as if he was a regular attendant at White's or Almack's. But it is just because Selwyn's letters were so perfectly adapted to their temporary purpose that they are as a rule unsuitable for preservation. It is only fair to add that the editors have spared no trouble in their attempt to revive the obsolete. The explanatory foot-notes are copious and always to the point; and the introductions are pleasant and lucid besides being well informed. Indeed, it seems likely that Mr. Roscoe and Miss Clergue would have made a much better book if they had been less the slaves of their text. Taking the Letters as a basis, they might have produced an attractive monograph—supplemented, of course, from other quarters—and thus presented a complete picture of a many-sided man.

As it is, they have practically ignored Selwyn the wit, and we do not see much of Selwyn the free-and-easy man-about-town except from his frequent references to gains and losses in gambling. They pass rather lightly over his notorious craze for being present at executions, which got such a hold on his mind that he made an express journey to France in order to witness the specially horrible tortures which were prepared for the author of the attempt on the life of the Regent. This morbid—not to say brutal—passion was constantly satirised in his own time, for instance in the "Diaboliad," and Walpole thought it necessary to excuse him. "George," he says, "is a humane man." So, in other respects, he seems to have been, and nothing apparently gave him more pleasure than doing a kindness to some friend—without much regard for the cost or trouble. And he was forbearing even to those who, like Fox, had not used him very well. Selwyn was one of those self-indulgent persons who are equally generous to others: he sunned himself in friendship, returning with interest all the affection he received. His sympathies were not satisfied, bachelor though he remained to the end of his days, without a home life; and his solicitude for the little girl whom he adopted—the "Mie-Mie" of doubtful paternity—becomes at times almost ridiculous. The lady to whom he entrusted this precious charge had evidently been pestered with needless inquiries when she presented her compliments to Mr. Selwyn and assured him that "dear Mademoiselle Fagniani is as well to-day as her good friend could possibly wish her to be. She is at this minute engaged in a party at high romps." In fact, if Mr. Selwyn is not satisfied he can come and see for himself. If that were not enough Mrs. Terry would resign her charge! Selwyn's heart was always open to children. One of his greatest treats in old age was to entertain the young people from Castle Howard, and Lady Carlisle's only anxiety was lest he should make too much fuss over them—as he always did.

Politics he detested except for what he got out of them. The men he did not believe in, the measures he did not trouble about. When the policy of George III. and Lord North resulted in the war that lost us the best of our Colonies, Selwyn was chiefly concerned because the incoming Administration was pledged to a Bill that would abolish his comfortable sinecure of £3,000 a year. His groans were deep and sincere, but they ceased two years later when he was provided with another berth of equal value and similar responsibility. He is shocked when the Mayor and Corporation of Oxford put up the borough for open sale—but only because such action gave an opening for nabobs and other parvenus, and robbed the nobility and landed gentry of their traditional privileges. He felt much aggrieved not only when opposition was started in his own borough but even if he was called upon to pay civilities to some of his chief constituents. In fact he was never so wretched as when he went to reside now and then at his Gloucestershire seat. Country life had no charm for him, or rural scenery. The nearest approach to either that he could tolerate was to drive and saunter about Richmond—which, at that time, was a sort of riverside St. James'. Yet he clung tenaciously to his seat in the House of Commons, and slept religiously through the debates—the debates in which Pitt and Fox and Burke and Sheridan took part. None of these men, none of the memorable events to which they contributed, stirred the pulse of this shrewd, unimpressible, observant worldling. Perhaps he lived too much behind the scenes to feel any interest in the play. Yet there was nothing blasé, nothing cynical about Selwyn. The things he cared about in youth he still cared about in old age. To the end he loved gambling, loved his joke, but—more than all—loved his friends. An unprofitable career? Wasted talents? Perhaps. But that is the handicap on humour—thou shalt not take any man seriously, not even thyself!

TRIGGERCRAFT.

"Experts on Guns and Shooting." By G. T. Teasdale-Buckell. London: Sampson Low. 1900. 14s. net.

SHOOTING in the widest sense of the term comprehends so much, and suggests such diverse subjects to different men, that Mr. Teasdale-Buckell cannot be complimented on choosing "Experts on Guns and Shooting" as the title of a book wholly devoted to the manufacture and use of sporting firearms. Yet, if the title of the book suggests Woolwich or Shoeburyness rather than a London gunshop or a Scotch grouse moor, the name of the author is so well known to sportsmen, even other than the readers of "Land and Water," that they are not likely to mistake his meaning. Although not ostensibly written for young sportsmen, nor upon the model of Colonel Peter Hawker's classic work, beginners may study it with profit. All interested in field sports will find it informative and useful, as the author's chief object is to indicate the manner in which the greatest pleasure is to be derived from the use of the gun under the conditions rendered imperative by modern methods. It is needless to state that the conditions are ever changing; no doubt some of the changes are due to the improvements made in weapons, but, as often, other changes have rendered these improvements necessary. Early in the century if a sportsman provided himself with a duplicate gun, it was for the purpose of continuing his season's shooting without interruption, should the weapon in daily use break down; later two guns were used alternately; still later the pair was superseded by the "set" of three. Already the quickness of fire is becoming so rapid, and the consequent heating of the barrels a matter of such importance, that the author devotes thereto a chapter correctly, if somewhat clumsily, headed: "The heat of gun barrels and the effect upon them of various powders." Probably the addition of another gun to the battery is the best solution of this difficulty; one which sorely besets such as would kill more than 1,000 head of game in a single day. This record has been several times approximated and once surpassed in this country of late years. From the

figures of game registers alone many of the changes that have occurred in the conditions of shooting may be surmised; but other details are required to trace with accuracy the development of sport during the century, whilst its evolution cannot be determined without going much further into the past. As yet there is no history of shooting in England, such as those published in France and Germany treating of the local beginnings of *La Chasse* and *Die Jagd*. Lord Walsingham's bag of 1,070 grouse is the record for one day; Lord De Grey's 316,699 mixed bag, made during twenty-nine years, probably eclipses any personal score that has been, or will be, made—whether in regard to the number or the variety of game killed. In comparison Lord Malmesbury's 38,475, made during forty-two years' shooting almost entirely on his own estate, seems paltry enough, yet Colonel Hawker, excellent and keen sportsman though he was, with punt guns, flock shooting, and firing into the brown of coveys after the fashion of the time, shot only 17,753 head in his long career. A satisfactory record the Colonel thought, yet Lord De Grey killed more in a single season than the great wildfowler did in over half a century. Lord De Grey's bag includes rhinoceros, tigers, buffaloes, deer by the hundred, snipe and woodcock each by the thousand, tens of thousands each of rabbits, hares, grouse and partridges, and of pheasants alone 111,190. These be big figures, but they do not show Lord De Grey a better sportsman than Colonel Hawker; and certainly they do not represent a larger equivalent in pleasure. Luckily the manner of shooting is the criterion of sport rather than repetition to satiety, and one who has varied his sport is more to be congratulated on his recollections of past achievements than he who has only shot more often. But a store of pleasant memories is not the object of shooting, or target practice would bring no pleasure. The fascination of shooting lies in the gratification that results from doing something that is difficult; therefore, it gives private and personal sport, not public diversion—a point those anxious to promote rifle-shooting among the people would do well to consider.

Success in marksmanship is due first to personal qualities in the shooter; after them, to the elimination of the disturbing element of chance in the use of the weapon. The aim of experts in guns and shooting is, broadly stated, to make constant and uniform such actions as in the natural order of things are unsteady and variable. It has been necessary to ascertain the causes of erratic action in the ignition and combustion of explosives, and to remove them; indirectly to increase accuracy of aim by lessening recoil; to reduce liability of error by quickening the mechanism which, on the pressure of the finger, fires the charge; and in a thousand other ways artfully to aid the shooter to master more difficult tasks. In the course of years it has happened that craftsmen have specialised—the users as well as the makers of weapons—and each at his own work is good, though prone to overrate the value of that work. To Mr. Teasdale-Buckell it appeared that the opinions of those who know most of their own division of a large subject would be of great value if gathered together into a single volume. The result is not so satisfactory as it might have been. What the skilled craftsman learns by practice, whether it be barrel-boring or snap-shooting, he cannot impart by verbal description, so that the practical value of his disclosures is small. Some points will get out of focus and have greater attention than their merits deserve; and sometimes the opinions of experts escape criticism and too lightly become accepted as matters of fact. Moreover, no person is so predisposed to bias as is the expert—whether in shooting or anything else. Even the gun-makers, whose personal views are here given, consciously or unconsciously reveal what particular branch of their trade they favour; often, of course, it is the branch to which as youths they were apprenticed. It would be possible from this book alone to ascertain whether any one expert had been a gun-barrel maker or a locksmith; a filer of furniture or a borer of barrels; whether this one was a mechanical engineer, and the other but a graduate of the counting-house. Rightly, therefore, to appraise their opinions, one must know the men, and Mr. Buckell is a stranger to none;

his opinion of them makes his book a valuable addition to the technical literature of shooting.

NOVELS.

"Jem Carruthers: the Extraordinary Adventures of an Ordinary Man." By the Earl of Ellesmere. London: Heinemann. 1900. 6s.

The most extraordinary thing about the adventures of Jem Carruthers is that anyone should have written a book about them. He was an amiable and commonplace young man who was stirred out of his hum-drum life by an erratic cousin of a kind, and led a wild-goose chase across Europe to intervene in the domestic affairs of her friends. The cousin in question is an alarming young person with a painful habit of calling a spade a spade and making her conversation centre round spades, if we may be allowed the figure. She was brought up unconventionally in Paris: Jem was educated impeccably in England. She was considered by the author and the hero to be fascinating. There is plenty of incident in the book, and the minor characters are well drawn. But "Jem Carruthers" is not an extraordinary novel.

"An American Venus." By Elliott Preston. London: Drane. 1900. 6s.

Dr. Preston has written an extraordinary novel which will no doubt appeal to a certain cast of mind, and he has written an equally extraordinary preface in which he realises the aspiration of Burns. He sees himself as others will see him. He anticipates what "the dear critic" will say of his book in these terms:—"The volume before us is certainly one of the most extraordinary pieces of egotistical folly (*sic*) which it has ever been our duty in our critical capacity of censor of the public press (*sic*) to peruse or rather—wade through. From start to finish, its uniform and laboured dullness is unrelieved by one single iota either of originality or of intellect." We are obliged to Dr. Preston. He saves us much trouble. We have nothing to add to his premonitory criticism of "An American Venus."

"A Man: his Mark. A Romance." By W. C. Morrow. London: Grant Richards. 1900. 3s. 6d.

We should call this little book an episode rather than a romance. As an episode, it has great merit. A man, heart-broken, has found refuge in a hermit life in the Rocky Mountains. An accident to a travelling party throws into his care a girl, maimed and helpless. An avalanche cuts them off from the world for a time. She is worldly, cynical, in a word snobbish. Gradually she finds in the man to whom she owes her life a cure for the faults in her character. But he learns that she is the person who had ruined his happiness. The episode is treated with a singular charm and delicacy, and the end is not commonplace. The lady's conversion is perhaps impossibly sudden. But Mr. Morrow has more than a notion of the elements of tragedy.

"A Plain Woman's Part." By Norley Chester. London: Arnold. 1900. 6s.

Commonplace but with just a touch of the "risqué" in it, "A Plain Woman's Part" is a story that will surely be a desirable acquisition to the shelves of the circulating library. With the aid of a sultry summer's afternoon it should prove an excellent soporific. The main theme is the power of one woman's love for another saving the other from sin and a married man from social and moral suicide. The style is loose and digressive; the sentiment is thin; but at least one chapter may prove useful in that it is calculated to send some perhaps for the first time and others to read yet once again Matthew Arnold's "The Forsaken Merman." The paraphrase of the poem is in some respects the best thing in the book.

"The Avenging of Ruthanna." By Mrs. Coulson Kernahan. London: Long. 1900. 6s.

Ruthanna is a pretty and pathetic little character, but hardly an original one. The handsome young man who is too weak to be either wicked or good has wearied us before now. When Ruthanna kills herself the novel should cease. For the sake of reproducing

a post-mortem examination, Mrs. Kernahan drags in a doctor who has nothing to do with the story, and makes him commit suicide, with the same trivial self-consciousness that overtakes some people on walking into a crowded room. The characters are confused and purposeless and the story meanders through some three hundred pages to an illogical end.

"The Accused Princess." By Allen Upward. London: Pearson. 1900. 6s.

In "The Accused Princess" are blended very skilfully the elements of a detective story and of one of those diplomatico-political novels that are so popular at present. The story deals with the disappearance of a wonderful ruby, offered to the king of a small European State by an Indian prince who had no business to dispose of it without the sanction of the Empress of India. The reader will not be disappointed if he expects from this theme a series of exciting incidents amusingly told. There is really very little for the critic to say: the book is not to be taken seriously, and it certainly fulfils its purpose of entertaining.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The Social Philosophy of Rodbertus." By E. C. K. Gonner. London: Macmillan. 1899. 7s. 6d. net.

The fate of a thinker who scatters his ideas in magazines and pamphlets is to be neglected by posterity. A sympathetic editor merits the thanks alike of the author and of the busy student. It is possible that in introducing system where system is lacking the editor may add something of his own. The specialist may not find the full originality which he demands, but the ordinary reader is more than content with a clear exposition at secondhand of the thoughts of a somewhat obscure philosopher. He is likely to find more benefit in the study of the ideas of Rodbertus, as represented in the present volume, than in the weary search among original sources. Somewhat old-fashioned these ideas may seem, but none the less interesting. An idealist, controlling his theories by a strong historical sense, is a phenomenon not too common in the economic world. Yet such is Rodbertus. Economic Socialism is his ideal, but he rarely confuses the possible with the actual. The social system must work with the imperfect machinery at its command here and now. The attempt to impose, by political forces, an economic system for which society is not prepared, is foredoomed to disaster. Society is to be the sole possessor of capital, the sole arbiter of the conditions of labour, but it must first develop the necessary qualities. The organisation must grow to perfection before it can perform its highest function. The enthusiast for sweeping reform will find little inspiration in one who reminds us that the progress from slavery to the present economic system was a matter of a thousand years, and hints that, with all our modern hurry, centuries may be needed for a further transition. The economist, whatever be his opinions, will not find his time ill-spent, in studying, with the aid of Professor Gonner's criticism, the economic philosophy of a thinker who is alike original and practical.

"Dante Interpreted." New York: Putnam's. 6s.

Dante among all the world's great writers seems to be peculiarly a victim of misdirected admiration. An incipient student of Homer, say, or Virgil or Goethe or Shakespeare, does not celebrate the completion of a first or second reading of his author by publishing some of the contents, or what might be such, of his notebook, under some such title as "Homer Interpreted," "Wild Life in Virgil," "How Faust climbed the Blocksberg," "Shakespeare's Similes." Yet not a year passes without the appearance of half a dozen little books of this kind on Dante; every one, it may be added, showing clearly that its author would have found a much more profitable employment of the time occupied by its composition, in extending his studies. Mr. Epiphanius Wilson of New York is the latest recruit to this force. He seems quite unaware that a good many people have already tried their far more competent hands at "interpreting" Dante; or that before he can make any material advance on their work he should at least know how far they have gone. "Instead of which" he has studied so superficially as to imagine, for instance, that the outrage committed on Boniface VIII. at Anagni was in some way a "retribution" on the part of "imperial autocracy" for "the presumptuous display of arrogance at Canossa;" or to suppose that in *Purg.* xxvi. 6—the sun's rays "turning the west from blue to white"—an effect of morning is depicted. The best we can say of his book is that some of the translations (into the Spenserian stanza) are fair. Mr. Henry Kingsley's friends, by the way, will be interested as well as surprised to learn that he took all his Australian details from books, and himself "never crossed the line;" perhaps even more at finding his supposed method used to illustrate Dante's.

"Thompson's Gardener's Assistant." New Edition. Edited by William Watson. London: The Gresham Publishing Company. 1900.

Gardening is necessarily allied to many natural sciences. Those that touch it most closely, and to the average gardener as nearly as does the science of botany, are chemistry, geology, meteorology, entomology and mycology, and though many a good gardener acquires a practical knowledge of his craft by rule of thumb through long and laborious practice and observation yet he may easily waste years of effort in many directions and after all not have gained any definite knowledge of the causes that produce the effects that day by day he has to combat or to guide. Forty years ago when the large quantity of horticultural literature now available had no existence, "Thompson's Gardener's Assistant" appeared and was at once hailed as the soundest and best guide to practical gardening. But then science, as connected with gardening, was much less directly applied, and the life history of many a garden pest and insidious fungoid enemy being still almost unknown, could not be decisively dealt with. For instance the nature of the canker so destructive to apple trees was accepted as a mysterious disease whose pathology was inscrutable. Now we know all about canker and its treatment. The whole book is full of matter of practical utility and is absolutely trustworthy.

"The Rifle Brigade Chronicle." Compiled and edited by Lieutenant-Colonel Willoughby Verner. London: John Bale. 1900.

Some regiments possess monthly chronicles; but as a rule the matter at hand is of too slight a character to relieve such publications from padding and dullness. The Rifle Brigade plan is a much better one. A year's regimental history usually contains some interesting material. The regiment is to be congratulated on possessing so able and experienced an editor; and all must sympathise with Colonel Verner on the unfortunate accident which caused him to return home early in the South African campaign, and deprived our field army of a most valuable staff officer. In the preface he apologises for such shortcomings as the book may have, and he points out how difficult, owing to his absence in South Africa, it was to compile the chronicle. But in truth there is very little need for apology. The book generally is one more example of the care with which such matters are "run" in the Rifle Brigade; it shows how admirable throughout is the system in the force, and how deep its sentiment of esprit de corps.

"Regimental Duties Made Easy." By Captain S. T. Banning. London: Gale and Polden. 1900. 5s.

A clear and painstaking compendium of the various matters which form the subject of examination for the rank of lieutenant. The work is well done, and should prove of considerable use to those concerned.

"Robert Browning" by Arthur Waugh (London: Kegan Paul. 2s.) belongs to the Westminster Biographies Series. Mr. Waugh writes lucidly on one whose obscurity is, for most people, his chief characteristic. Much of Browning's unpopularity especially in early days Mr. Waugh traces to his "disinclination to come down into the market place with his singing robes about him and make great ballads of the day to the chorus of the crowd."—"Tales from Tennyson" by the Rev. G. C. Allen (Westminster: Constable. 3s. 6d. net) has at least one aim in common with Mr. Waugh's "Browning:" it is hoped that it may have the effect of turning readers to the original. Mr. Allen has done for "Idylls of the King" what Lamb did for Shakespeare. There is however little of the charm of Lamb's treatment in Mr. Allen's "Tales."—"Romantic Edinburgh" by John Geddie (London: Sands) is an interesting record of some of the ancient features and attractions of Edinburgh which are being swept away by the builder and improver. As the author says Edinburgh's "present can be read only in the light of its past."—"The Temple Church" by T. H. Bayliss (London: Philip. 2s. 6d. net) is now in its third edition.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEWS.

The stately quarterlies were as unprepared for the crisis in the Far East as the European Governments themselves. Except in an incidental way, neither the "Edinburgh" nor the "Quarterly" comments on the new world-problem which has suddenly become acute in China. The situation is so complicated and so little is known as to what has happened that the discretion of silence is perhaps the better part of editorial valour. For Far Eastern matters we have to turn to the "Asiatic Quarterly," which contains among other opportune papers an article by Mr. E. H. Parker on "The Revolt of the Boxers." But Mr. Parker's article is in itself a proof of the possible risks of formulating opinions on insufficient information as to the latest events. He suggests that the "degenerate Manchu dynasty which began so well will have disappeared before the summer is out." The "Yellow Corpse" however is still fairly vigorous, whilst the idea that the Powers should commission Sir Robert Hart, who it is to be feared is among the victims of the outbreak, to carry on the government

of China or some portion of it, is only a painful reminder of the entire miscalculation of the forces latent for mischief in and around Peking. "Shareholders," says Mr. Parker, "need not in any case be particularly anxious about their dividends!" Mr. Archibald Colquhoun's recent lecture on "Afghanistan, the Key to India" is reprinted in the "Asiatic Quarterly." He urges that Great Britain should take steps to check Russia in her progress "southwards and sunwards." If there is any truth in the reports of Chinese movements in Siberia, Russia is likely to have her hands pretty full in other directions than India for the next few years. The respite is all in Great Britain's favour so far as India is concerned. Imperial matters occupy rather less space than usual in the "Edinburgh" and the "Quarterly." Both deal in special articles with the war in South Africa, and both comment more or less vaguely on the subject of Imperial Federation. The "Quarterly" is mainly concerned with the effect of the party system on Imperial affairs, and contends that what has to be arrived at "is not the abolition, were that at present conceivable, of the party system but the withdrawal of its operations from the Imperial sphere." The present stage in the relations of Great Britain and her colonies cannot be allowed to pass without resulting in some closer understanding in regard to defence if not in regard to matters of a political and economic character. "There can be no desire in England," says the reviewer, "and it would be alike ungracious and unwise to assume that the colonies are committed to anything in future, in the way of participation in Imperial responsibilities by their patriotic conduct during the last few months. But on the other hand it would be believe involve quite as serious a misconception of colonial feeling and an entirely groundless reflection on colonial intelligence, if the Mother Country were to abstain from calling the colonies into council," with regard especially to military and naval defence. The "Quarterly" we expect to be animated by, to quote its own words, "what Matthew Arnold might have called the sense for Empire." We do not expect so much in the "Edinburgh," which has always opposed Federation. Even the "Edinburgh," however, is not superior to its environment; its tone is less critical and unsympathetic than it used to be, but the utmost which it thinks should now be done does not amount to much. "What is needed among the various States within the Empire is consultation *inter se* rather than joint control; and the true ideal at which to aim would seem to be rather a Great British League under one sovereign and one flag than a Supreme Federal Government." Many of the difficulties in the way of Federation would disappear if the subject were properly grappled with, whilst many that had not been foreseen would doubtless speedily assert themselves.

Curiously enough, the "Quarterly" and the "Edinburgh" give the chief place to articles in criticism of two well-known historians. While finding much to approve in Mr. Goldwin Smith's work on the United Kingdom, the "Edinburgh" discovers many grounds of difference "in a work largely made up of opinions and interpretations." There is nothing in the "Edinburgh" criticisms of Mr. Goldwin Smith so crushing as the "Quarterly's" attack on Dr. Theal, the historian of South Africa. Dr. Theal's second thoughts have made his works such that partisans on either side can quote him in support of their case. "Few of those who have been content to base their historical and political conclusions upon the uncompromising statements which abound in Dr. Theal's 'History of South Africa' are likely to be aware that in the first draft of that 'History,' published before the outbreak of the political disturbances which have divided the Cape Colony into two hostile camps, the same author expressed diametrically opposite opinions upon almost all the vexed questions of South African history." Nor apparently is it a case of fuller information warranting the revision of former and mistaken opinions. The reviewer confronts Dr. Theal with his earlier self in the assurance that the earlier self was right and the later wrong. Of the general articles in the "Edinburgh" the more notable are on such diverse subjects as "Knights Templars," "Paris in 1900," and "The Hudson's Bay Company." The "Quarterly" is very strong in miscellaneous and literary papers. "The Country Mouse" is a delightful essay, suggested by Mr. Geo. Dewar's "Hampshire Highlands" and other recently published or newly reissued books, on the charm of the country which

(Continued on page 92.)

For This Week's Books see page 94.

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With its present issue the "Church Quarterly" attains its 100th number, and may be congratulated on 25 years of solid useful work. It seizes the opportunity to review that work in an interesting article. The number is as usual a pleasant blend of serious Church discussion, of literary survey and of personal appreciation. Among its contents are Dr. Pusey as a correspondent and a spiritual guide, Ambrose Phillips de Lisle, the Bishop of Ripon as historian—a capacity in which the Review shows that Dr. Carpenter is hardly a success—and the Archbishops on Reservation. In the "English Historical Review" we find an article on "The Regulation of Wages in the Sixteenth Century" by Miss E. A. McArthur who compiles her data from the repertories, journals and books preserved among the archives of the City of London Corporation and "Humanism under Francis I." by Mr. A. Tilley. The "Law Quarterly Review" has an article on "The Near Future of Law Reform" in which Mr. Snow traces the historical process which seems to have for its end the establishment of the "Imperial Court of Appeal" which has come into prominence over the Australian Commonwealth Bill. The article by Mr. S. McCalmont Hill on "The Growth and Development of International Law in Africa" is a careful statement of the conditions which gave rise to peculiar modifications of international law. The remarks on the influence of missionaries in carrying the law of their countries into the countries they evangelise are suggestive in regard to the missionary question in China. Of the Notes, which as usual are very good, that on the decision that for the purposes of the Shop Hours Act the Savoy Hotel is a shop is worth consideration, for its "points" are the extension of the Act to the domestic servant class.

The "Anglo-Saxon Review" contains an interesting article by Mr. W. H. Mallock, which purports to treat of the "Limitations of Art." It should rather have been called "The Novel with a Purpose" when its own purpose would have been more easily perceived, and the charge of superficiality—a just charge as it is—avoided. As a summing-up of the novel with a purpose, nothing could surpass this:—"It makes the writer's opinions play the part which should be played by his characters; and the characters play the part which should be played by his convictions. Instead of showing us how men's lives appear in the light of a presupposed theory of life, he shows us the adventures of some theory that is in dispute illustrated by the lives of men which are manipulated for that special end." Mr. Mallock is in this essay a gentle critic—feeling perhaps that he was talking in a drawing-room rather than writing in a review—and he leaves unsaid the truths underlying his very apt expression—"manipulated." That is a courteous way of saying that the novelist with a purpose is a fraud and his or her methods profoundly immoral. To write a book which purports to give a picture of life and make all the characters who hold your opinions attractive and all who hold your opponent's views repellent is to lie—and to lie in a peculiarly cowardly and offensive manner. Compared with such falsity, the mere categorical assertion of the thing which is not becomes almost honesty.

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